FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Reg'd

THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 15, 1949
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

Vol. CXCIX, No. 2593
OCTOBER 15, 1949

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers
Cerebos
Salt perfection

Grant's
Stand Fast
Scotch Whisky

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
Limited supplies are distributed as fairly as possible.

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
Bronnley
FINE ENGLISH SOAPS

By Appointment Cyder Makers to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd., Attleborough & London
Gaymer's
CYDER
Available in U.S.A. from
GREIG LAWRENCE & HOYT LTD · NEW YORK
Famous for over 300 years

KING SIX
CIGARS 1/7 each
The quantity available for distribution is still, unfortunately, insufficient to meet demands.
Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd. Makers of Fine Cigars since 1839

TENNENT'S
LAGER
TRADE MARK
—Enjoyed the world o'er—
BEER AT ITS BEST

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

From the moment you light up a Craven 'A', you know here is a cigarette of unmistakable quality. The invariable choice of those who appreciate the finer things of life, Craven 'A' offers so much more in smoking enjoyment.

Craven 'A'

Rich, fine tobacco and — the cork-tip for cleaner smoking

WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT

Carreras Ltd. 150 Years' Reputation for Quality.

Volume CXCIX No. 2593 The SPHERE, London, October 15, 1949

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

PANDIT NEHRU LOOKS IN AT LONDON EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON—THE INDIAN PREMIER AT LONDON AIRPORT ON ARRIVAL FROM INDIA: With Mr. Nehru are Mr. Krishna Menon (left), the Indian High Commissioner, and Mr. Gordon Walker (right), the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Commonwealth Relations. Mr. Nehru was on his way to the United States at the personal invitation of President Truman

Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, arrived in London last Saturday, where he was met by President Truman's private aircraft, which, it was arranged, should take him to the United States. During the brief stay in London Mr. Nehru called on Sir Stafford Cripps at No. 11, Downing Street, but it was emphasised that this talk had no official significance and was to be regarded as "a normal conversation between old friends." Mr. Nehru, accompanied by his sister and daughter, and Mr. Krishna Menon, High Commissioner in London, spent the week-end at Broadlands, the New Forest home of Lord and Lady Mountbatten. Mr. Nehru declined to comment on the purpose of his visit to the United States, and gave no direct answer to a question put to him regarding the possibility of a United States loan to the Government of India

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, with Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

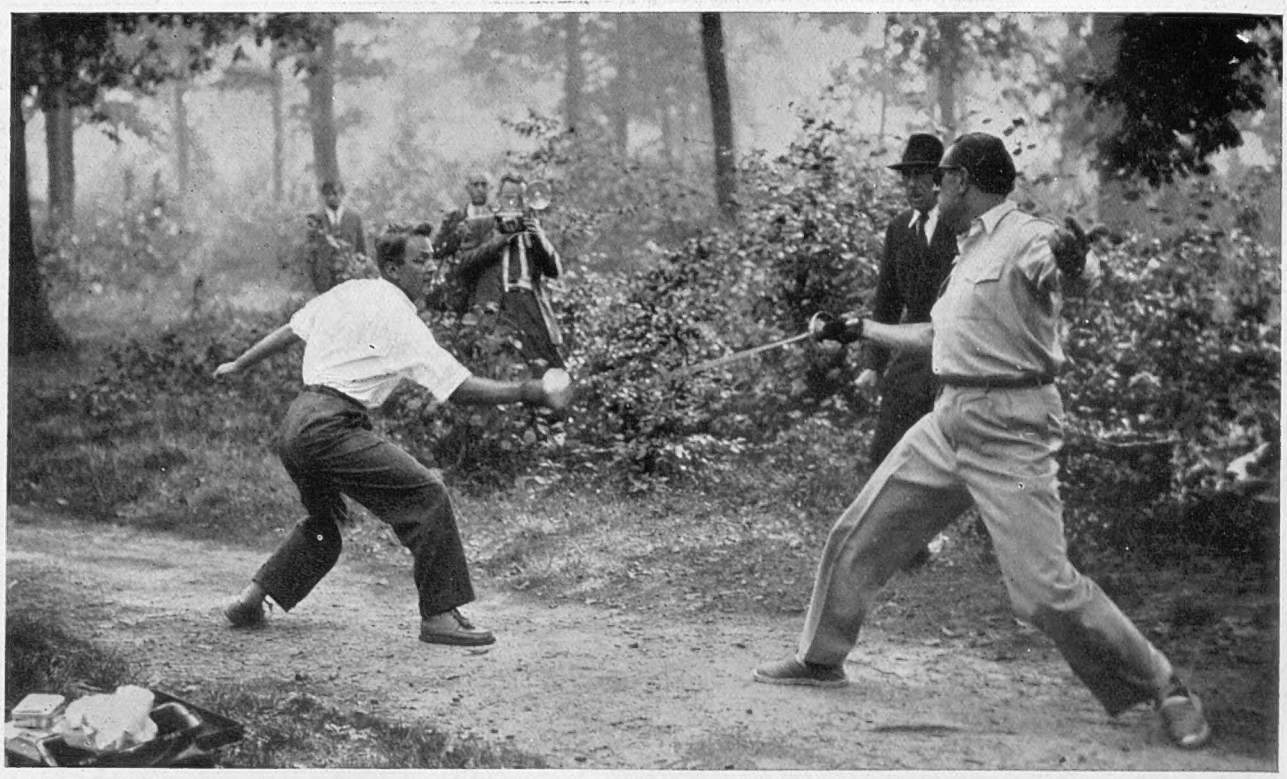
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Cripps on Economy.—I am not going to criticise Sir Stafford's speech to the bankers. It is not ignorance of the subject which deters me; if it were that, I should hardly fill the weekly column over my signature. I avoid the usual jeers at "Government notions of economy with an eye on the election," because those jeers hit both Government and Opposition, but more precisely because of one sentence in the Chancellor's speech. For once in a way a Member of the Government helped to restore national unity by putting the truth about Social Services fairly. I could wish that Mr. Bevan and his kind could take note of that sentence: "Our Social Services [he said] have been *built up over many decades* and have been *gradually developed under successive Parliaments*, and now constitute so vital a part of the people's standards that it is as serious a matter to cut them down in scope as to cut down wages or salaries. We can stop them developing too quickly, and *that we shall have to do*, but it is quite a different matter to reduce their scope." The italics are mine, the credit is the Chancellor's. These words were like a ray of sunshine through bitter fog. That ray reveals just how much harm has been done to this country by the distortions of men like Mr. Bevan.

Mr. Jay on Saving.—The Economic Secretary to the Treasury—Mr. Jay—"stressed the greater need for saving." He could not have impressed me less, not, indeed, in his claim that saving is still vitally necessary to avoid inflation but in his assurances that saving in the way the Government recommends, is the safest way for the saver individually. "Some people might ask [said he] what assurance they had that devaluation might not again depreciate the value of savings." He gave two answers: The pound sterling, judged by history, was a better currency to hold than *almost* any other, and Britain in the last two years had achieved a balanced budget and reduced the National Debt much faster than ever before. Mr. Jay, this appeals to me about as favourably as does the squawk of your feathered relative. Your argument is this: "The Government shows no intention of saving. But if *you* do not save more, it will have to tax you more heavily still." What an inducement to thrift! Our savings in Government securities have dropped about 20 per cent. Every penny we have saved has contributed to step up more steeply the vicious raids on our "grossed" incomes by the Exchequer. Should we to-day be better off or worse off (*individually* and not nationally considered, admitting that we all sink or swim with the old wreck) if we had kept our savings of £1,000 in an old stocking or invested it in diamonds in 1945, or, alternatively, put it into 3½ per cent. Conversion at 115—to-day standing at 96?

Festival of Britain.—If this Parliament runs its term, or lasts into 1950, the Government will have presented a little Bill, and satisfactorily passed it, authorising expenditure of £10,000,000 minimum on the Festival of Britain, 1951. Pessimists, and some opponents of the Government, declare that in 1951 we shall be wringing our hands, not ringing the joy-bells, and that £10,000,000 is a large sum to spend on a damp squib in our present pass, when Government economy might well be the order of the day. But Mr. Morrison (and there are many more who agree with him) scorns such pettiness and meanness. It may not be proper for a bankrupt individual to pull down his barns and build greater, but it doesn't work that way with a nation. For one thing, the Ministers who make these little allocations don't dip into their own depleted pockets (at least on the short view). They dip into the taxpayers' pooled pockets, and they think moreover that the Festival of Britain is a splendid gamble. And they may be right. But if there were—I think perhaps there *is*—somewhere an Official Receiver of bankrupt nations, he might one day make some severe remarks concerning this rash action, and even label it as criminal.



FOILS FOR TWO AT A MATINEE IN THE BOIS VERRIERES—**FRANÇOIS CHALAIS, THE FRENCH CRITIC, AND WILLY ROZIER, THE FRENCH FILM PRODUCER, FIGHTING THEIR DUEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS: Chalais (left) was challenged by Rozier after he had written that the French actress Marie Dea had "a wonderful future behind her." Rozier thought the remark quite unworthy of a responsible critic, and so the two men met in combat, choosing the afternoon for the battle, not because the hour was more convenient than the first blush of dawn, but, it was said, in order to avoid the attentions of the Press. After a five-minute battle Chalais was wounded (very slightly), and apparently honour was satisfied**

China.—Sober journals are already beginning to prepare their readers to accept the principle that recognition must fairly soon be given to the new Communist Government in China. The immensity and importance of the revolution which has painted China red is compared with Lenin's in Russia, but with knobs on. For Lenin had all to gain in experience of government, in making his revolution *work*. The Chinese Communists have years of experience behind them and announce a *fait accompli*. If and when recognition is accorded by the Western Powers, a Communist China will represent that vast empire on the U.N. and her representatives (it is already announced) will join the Russian bloc, a mighty and a perhaps decisive factor in the balance of power at the Council of Nations. Commercially, recognition would probably instantly pay Britain, and our traders, in the main, favour it as their only means of salvation. Politically, it is another story. China's relations with the outer and Western world are controlled by innumerable treaties and undertakings which concern her neighbours' sovereignty and security, and the most vital interests of remoter powers, commercial and political. It is Mr. Bevin's habit to plod along through the quagmire, often panting far behind the ruck. In this case perhaps his caution is justifiable. Communist and other totalitarian governments have no satisfactory record in observing treaties or respecting the rights and sovereignties of other Powers, and nothing said by the Communists in the glory of victory is very encouraging to Western ideas of co-operation. The Chinese are not, like the Russians, easily regimented. Communism may break up on those sprawling, hidden rocks as soon as did Sun or Chiang.

Hanging.—The Royal Commission on Capital Punishment continues to sit occasionally in public. And the other day it gave an opportunity to Prison Governors and Chaplains to state their views. This session struck me as of great importance. The inside view was expressed by the officials who are most nearly concerned with the execution of justice. Broadly, governors and chaplains were agreed that the death penalty is still a necessary deterrent to murder, and crimes of violence which might, as the law stands to-day, lead to its infliction, and that hanging was an instantaneous death, and as merciful as inflicted death could be. Some sensible minor reforms were suggested. There was a fairly wide opinion expressed that death by hanging is more merciful than a period in prison exceeding ten years, that drugging and optional suicide are undesirable, and would usually be undesired. The fog of sensationalism and sentimentality and humanitarianism run mad invest this awful subject with fog. This latest session blew some of the fog away. Even to-day, when crime comes more and more to be regarded as the result of an unhappy disease to be cured by psychologists, the victim has still claims to consideration. The innocent citizen is entitled to such security as the State can afford him without endangering the rights of the "innocent" criminal to curative treatment.

Probation Officers.—There is no sign at all that Mr. Attlee's mild suggestions for small economies in administration have penetrated to local Governments. It is full steam ahead still, with bigger and better county halls, larger salaries for officials, more and more printing and posting of redundant agenda of unnecessary committees, and so on. The country can stand it, and the county and the ratepayers! Among the local big-wigs and officials on whom my eye rests, in the course of county business, is one whose claims to better conditions seem to me incontestible—the probation officer. He or she is indeed the salt of the earth to-day. The new Criminal Justice Act enormously adds to his responsibility. The new theories of humaner, curative punishment make him the lynch-pin of success. He is the key by which the great experiment must open out. He is the great conciliator and redeemer of strayaways. For such men and women, married and with families, a starting salary of £8 a week at the age of thirty is too low. He has a position to keep up as a trained social worker and a responsible court official, and that position requires his being free from the cares and worries of day-to-day existence. His claims to higher pay have been long accepted as just, and are now being shelved. Meanwhile local Government officials on the £2,000 a year scale are clamouring for increases and not without hopes of realising them. I am very sure that the worth of modern probation officers to-day deserves to be encouraged and recognised in other ways than cash.

Libel.—Sir Valentine Holmes discussing with journalists the Law of Libel as it stands to-day in practice, suggested that the judicature was inclining to forget the established and cardinal principles on which the Law of Libel had once worked well. He cited three such cardinal principles: (1) The defendant (or libeller) must be acquitted if he has used ordinary care. (2) If he has "libelled" a man's reputation he must be acquitted if (*not* being proved to have acted maliciously) public interest or the advantage to the community demands that the imputations against the individual should be published. (3) If the advantage to the community outstandingly outweighs the rights of the "libelled" individual, even where malice is proved, the libeller is entitled to acquittal. To-day these principles have been hedged and conditioned by a score of ingenious pleas and defences, and judges are no longer as free as formerly to interpret with elasticity each case on its merits. The result is absurdly hard on honest and even careful novelists. It is hardly safe to trounce folly even when such trouncing cannot be held to injure the victim in his business nor cast aspersions on moral reputation. If these principles are lost sight of, the freedom of the Press ceases to possess qualities of health and vigour and moral leadership.

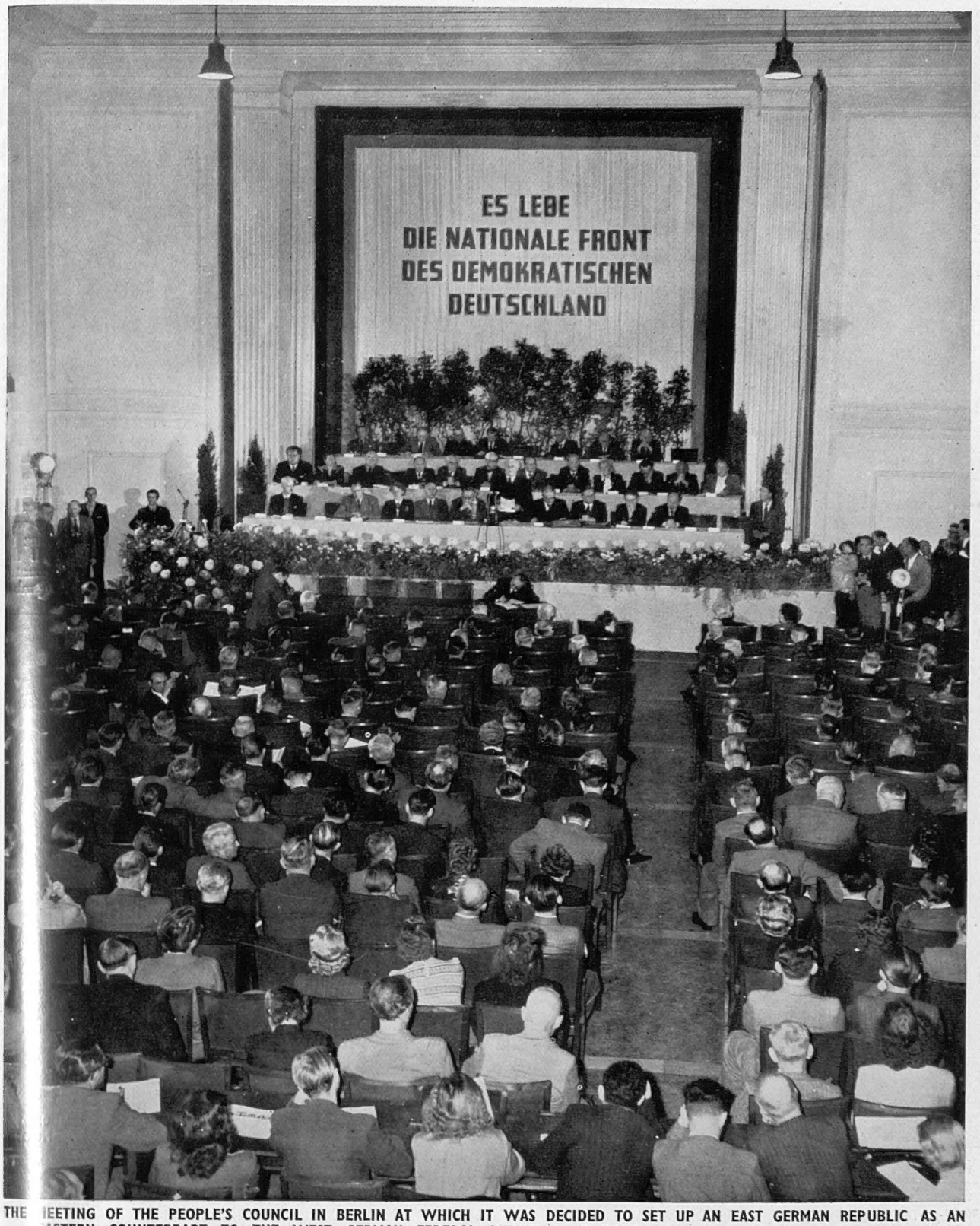
Turn Again?—With "mediæval pageantry," and a religious service attended by the famous City Companies, the Master of the Mercers turned the first sod over the reputed grave of Richard Whittington, four times Lord Mayor of London in the early fifteenth century. The scene was the Church of St. Michael Royal, rebuilt by Dick W. in 1412, which Wren restored after the Great Fire and Hitler ruined in the Great War. The ceremony at first blush is romantic and healthy, the object a worthy one. But we live in an age of doubt, we are inclined to cry treason and to smell out evil practices. Who was this Whittington? I have a nasty suspicion that he was a capitalist, that he favoured private enterprise. It is certain that he was tainted with patronage, for he founded an almshouse and endowed it on Highgate Hill, where his building still stands. Such patronage is degrading. He should have left these matters to the State. I don't think that Mr. Bevan would, I doubt if we should, approve the ceremony or the object, the digging-out of this capitalist's tomb. Dig coal, not capitalists. The bad old days are best forgotten.

Remember September 1949.—Kew has kept records for nearly eighty years. They show that September 1949 was a world record for mildness and the driest September for twenty years—at Kew. The average temperature was just under 65 deg.—the normal average being 58 deg. And apparently Kew registered only ·35 ins. rain. This surprises me. I live only about 45 miles from Kew, but I took out just under 2 ins. rain for the month—most of it, no doubt, was derived from a local cloudburst. As a result, the grass on my arid lawn began to grow, and in a week brown toast was converted into a lush pasture—the first time the grass and weeds have had a chance to grow since April. I doubt not my rustic records bore you. They interest me. I shall not see another summer like 1949 nor enjoy a September or early October as much. I shall remember them.

THE OLD STAGER

AND NOW AN EAST GERMAN REPUBLIC

The Social Unity Party Sets Up an Eastern Counterpart to the Bonn Regime



THE MEETING OF THE PEOPLE'S COUNCIL IN BERLIN AT WHICH IT WAS DECIDED TO SET UP AN EAST GERMAN REPUBLIC AS AN EASTERN COUNTERPART TO THE WEST GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC AT BONN: At this meeting, which is here being addressed by Herr Wilhelm Pieck, joint Chairman of the Socialist Unity Party, the People's Council proclaimed itself to be the Provisional Volkskammer or Lower House of the Parliament of the new German Democratic Republic. It was arranged that a Government should be formed in the course of the present week, Herr Otto Grotewohl, the other joint-Chairman of the Socialist Unity Party, being nominated as the Prime Minister of the new Government. The President of the new German Democratic Republic was also due to be announced this week, the principal candidate being Herr Pieck. The Russians and their allies, the German Communists, who have contrived the new regime, have announced that elections to the Volkskammer will take place, but apparently these will not be held until October 1950

PREMIER IN THE EAST: Herr Otto Grotewohl, joint-Chairman of the Socialist Unity Party, who last week was charged with the task of forming the East German Government. His cabinet, it was arranged, would include three deputy Prime Ministers

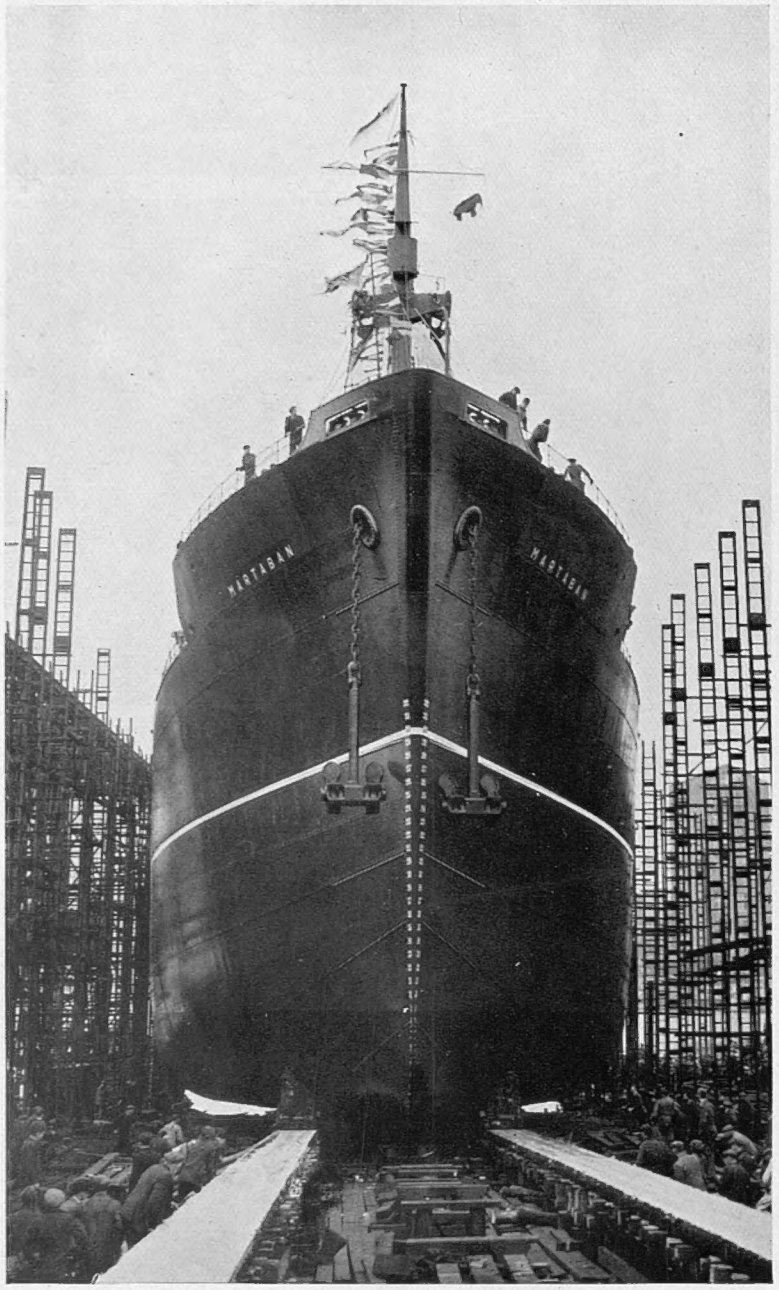
NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT: Herr Wilhelm Pieck who is joint Chairman with Herr Grotewohl of the Socialist Unity Party

APPLAUSE FOR THE NEW REGIME: The architects of the East German Republic. Leading members of the Socialist Unity Party, the Christian Democratic Party and the Liberal Democratic Party who have co-operated with the Russians in setting up a counterpart to the Bonn Regime. From right to left are Mrs. Schirmer-Presche (German Women's League), Dr. Lothar Bolz (L.D.P.), Otto Nuschke (C.D.U.), Wilhelm Pieck (S.E.D.) and Professor Kastner (L.D.P.)

ARE THE RUSSIANS MOVING OUT OF BERLIN? This question was being widely asked last week when this picture was taken. It shows German workers moving German equipment from the Soviet Military Administrative Building in the Soviet Sector of Berlin. A Soviet-licensed newspaper declared last Friday that the evacuation of the Central Kommandatura in Berlin was almost complete

IRAQ, BURMA, AND INDIA BUY BRITISH SHIPS

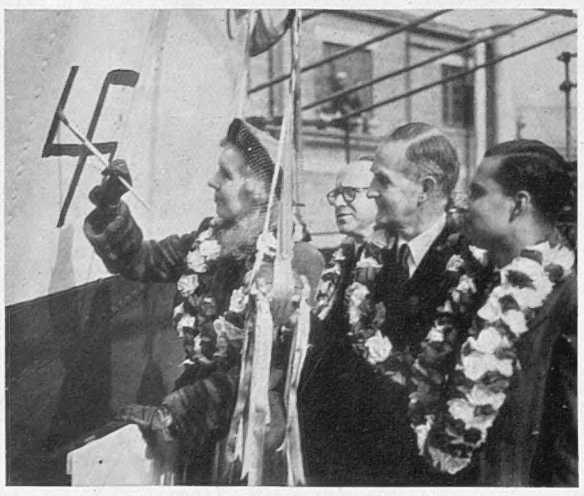
Some New Tonnage Destined for the East



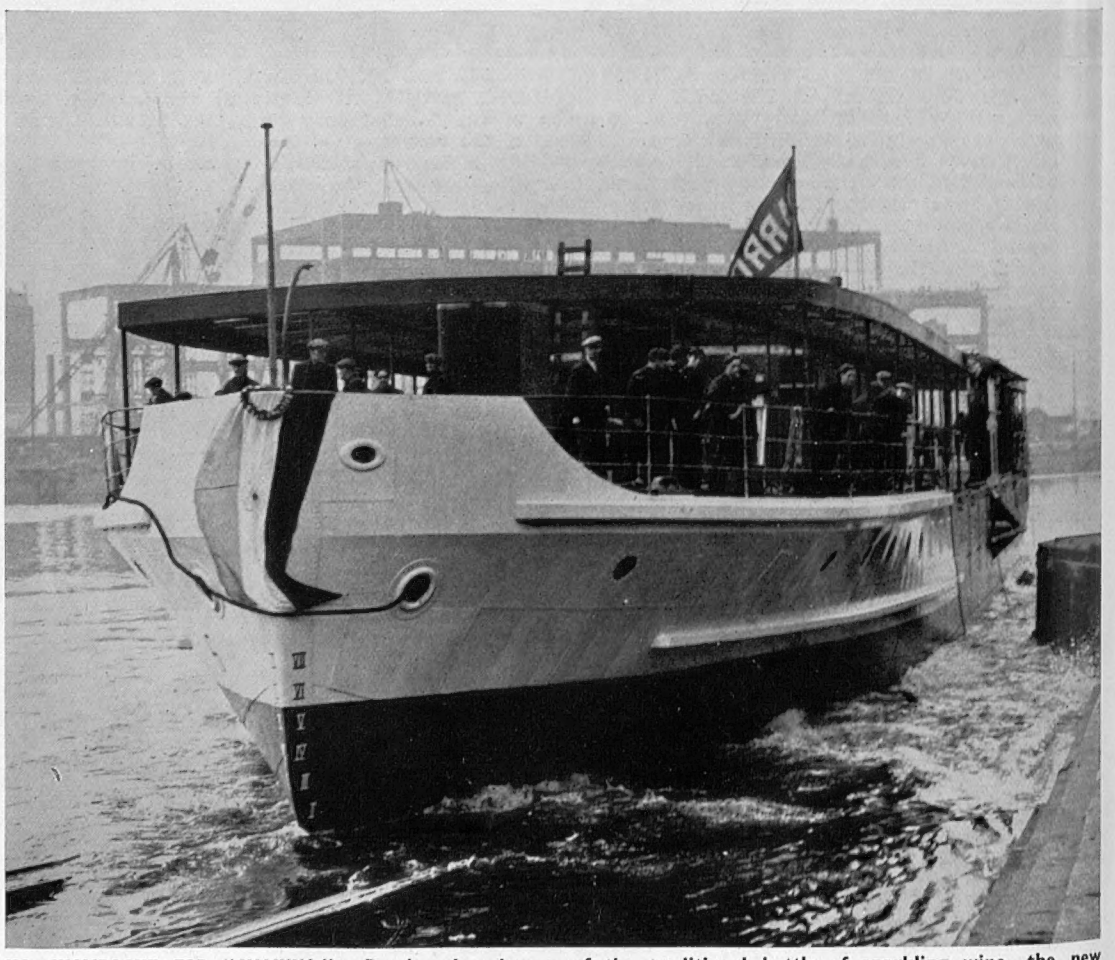
LAUNCHING THE "MARTABAN": Seventy-six years ago Messrs. William and Denny Brothers built an S.S. "Martaban." Recently at their Leven shipyards a second vessel of the same name went down the ways. The new "Martaban" has been built to the order of the British and Burmese Steam Navigation Company. She is a sister-ship of the "Yoma," built by Messrs. Denny Brothers for the same company two years ago

ZUBAIDY HAS A PIONEER ROLE: She may pave the way for an eat-more-fish campaign in the Middle East. This trawler, specially fitted for research purposes, is being built for the Iraqi Government at the Fleetlands shipyard, Fareham, of John Morris and Co. (Gosport), Ltd. The craft, which has been named the *Zubaidy*, is 90 ft. overall length, 20 ft. 6 ins. beam, 12 ft. 6 ins. moulded depth, 10 ft. draught, and will have a speed of 8½ knots. She is to carry a scientist in addition to a complement of twenty-six. Preliminary surveys have indicated that white fish normally caught in the colder waters of the Atlantic frequent the Persian Gulf as well as tropical varieties. The *Zubaidy* will be equipped for line fishing as well as for trawling in case the former should prove to be more effective for catching certain classes of fish. If the experience is generally successful a change in the diet of a predominantly agricultural country may be brought about and the present craft may prove to be the forerunner of a number

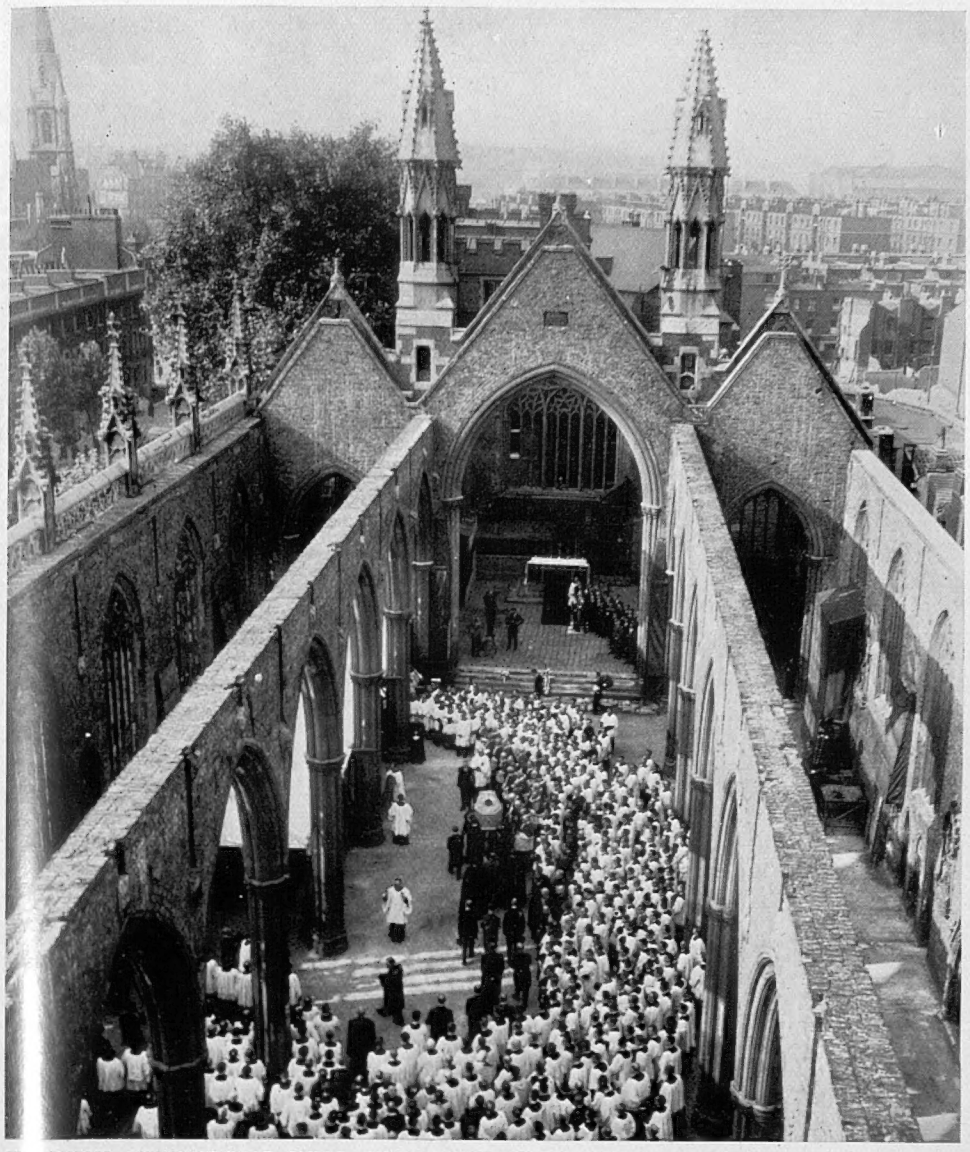
ON BOARD THE NEW FISHERY RESEARCH VESSEL: Fitting-out operations in progress on the deck of the new trawler which is being built at Fareham for the Iraqi Government



THE COCONUT LAUNCH: One medium-sized coconut, one cupful of curry, one cupful of rice, one bowl of rose petals and some paint. That was the christening recipe used by Lady Yarrow when she launched the paddle steamer "Yamuna" at Yarrow's yard at Scotstoun. The recipe does away with the champagne bottle which is customary at launches and follows closely the Indian traditional way of launching ships. The *Yamuna* is the first of three steamers being built by Yarrow and Co. Ltd. for the Oudh-Tirhut railway. Watched by Yarrow's chairman, Sir Harold Yarrow, and Mr. Banerjee, representing the Indian High Commissioner, Lady Yarrow, wife of Sir Harold, painted an Indian swastika on the ship's bow. This was the Aryan symbol of well-being. She then threw curry and rice over it, followed by a number of handfuls of rose petals. The coconut, suspended from ribbons in the Indian national colours, completed the picture



NO CHAMPAGNE FOR "YAMUNA": Despite the absence of the traditional bottle of sparkling wine, the new vessel took the water at Scotstoun without a hitch after the ceremony conducted by Lady Yarrow. Two other vessels will follow the "Yamuna" to the fitting-out basin in due course



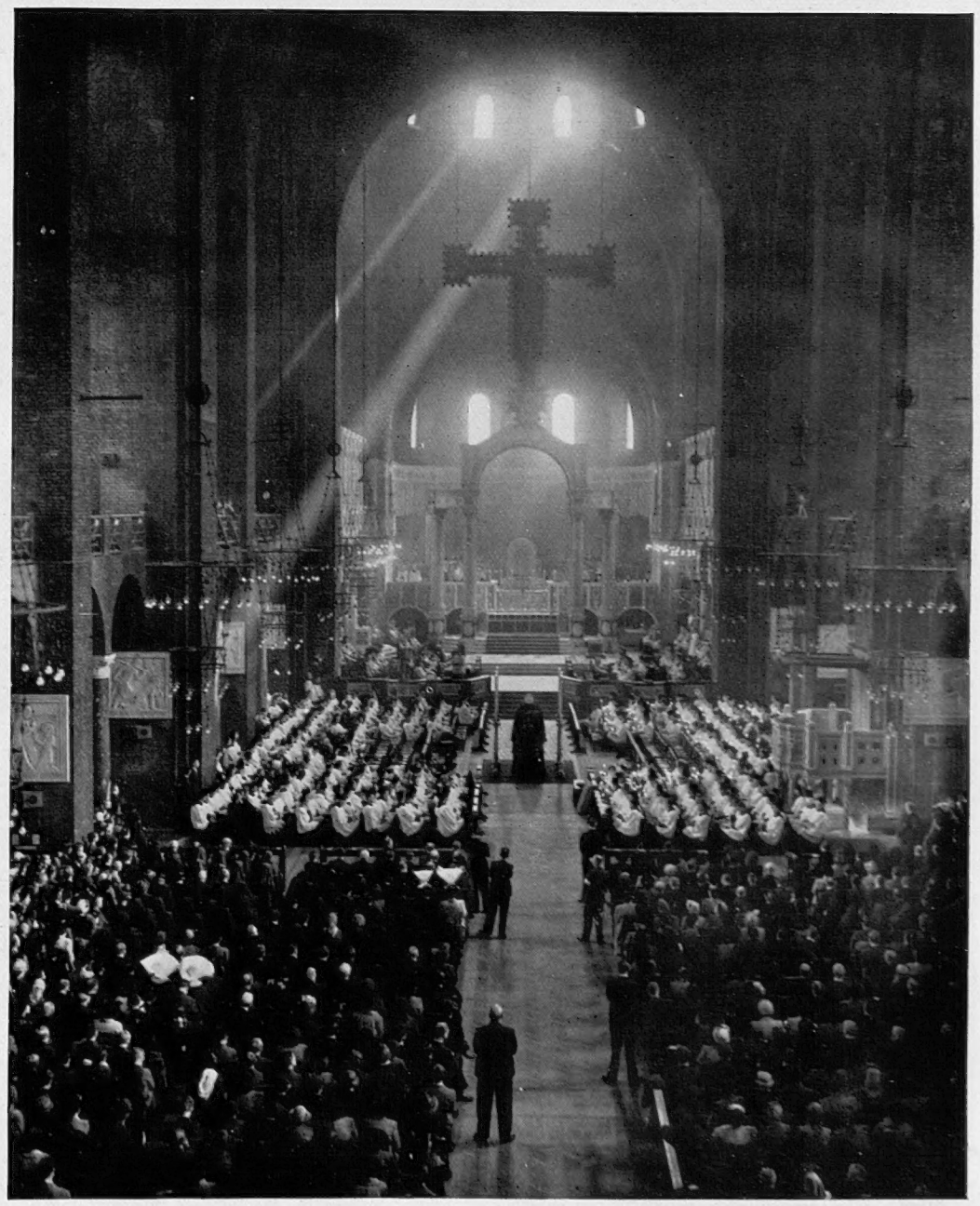
ARCHBISHOP AMIGO LAID TO REST IN HIS BOMBED CATHEDRAL

London Roman Catholics Mourn the Aged Bishop of Southwark

Archbishop Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, a deeply-loved figure in the Roman Catholic world and a lifelong friend of the poor, was born in Gibraltar in 1864, the child of parents of Spanish descent. He began his education at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and completed his studies for the priesthood at Cardinal Manning's seminary at Hammersmith. In 1904, at the instance of Cardinal Bourne, Monsignor Amigo, Vicar-General of Southwark, was appointed to the See, and thus began the long episcopate which has at last ended at the age of eighty-five and after forty-five years of devotion to the people of Southwark. After last week's Solemn Requiem Mass at Westminster Cathedral, the Archbishop was buried in the crypt of his blitzed cathedral at Southwark. Mr. Eamon de Valera and Mr. Sean MacBride, Eire's Foreign Minister, who had travelled from Dublin to attend the funeral, were unable to reach Westminster Cathedral in time, but they were present at the burial service. Archbishop Amigo's place in Southwark is being taken by the Bishop of Pella, aged 87.

IN THE CRYPT OF ST. GEORGE'S, SOUTHWARK: The coffin bearing the remains of Archbishop Amigo lowered into the grave Archbishop Amigo was consecrated in 1904, his long episcopate spanning 45 years

TH BURIAL OF ARCHBISHOP AMIGO, SIXTH BISHOP OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC DIOCESE OF SOUTHWARK: The coffin being carried through the ruins of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, before being buried in the crypt below the ruins. The burial took place after a Solemn Requiem at Westminster Cathedral

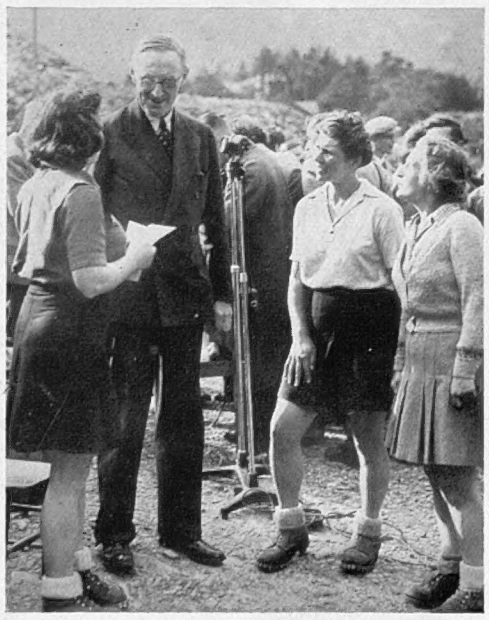


THE FUNERAL AT SOUTHWARK AND THE SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: *Left*—The coffin being borne into the blitzed cathedral of St. George. *Right*—The impressive scene at Westminster. For the purposes of this ceremony Westminster Cathedral was added temporarily to the Roman Catholic Diocese of Southwark in order that the body of Archbishop Amigo might receive the fivefold Absolutions to which a Roman Catholic Bishop is entitled within his See. The Absolutions were given by the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Liverpool, the Archbishop of Cardiff, the Bishop of Dunkeld, and the Archbishop of Armagh

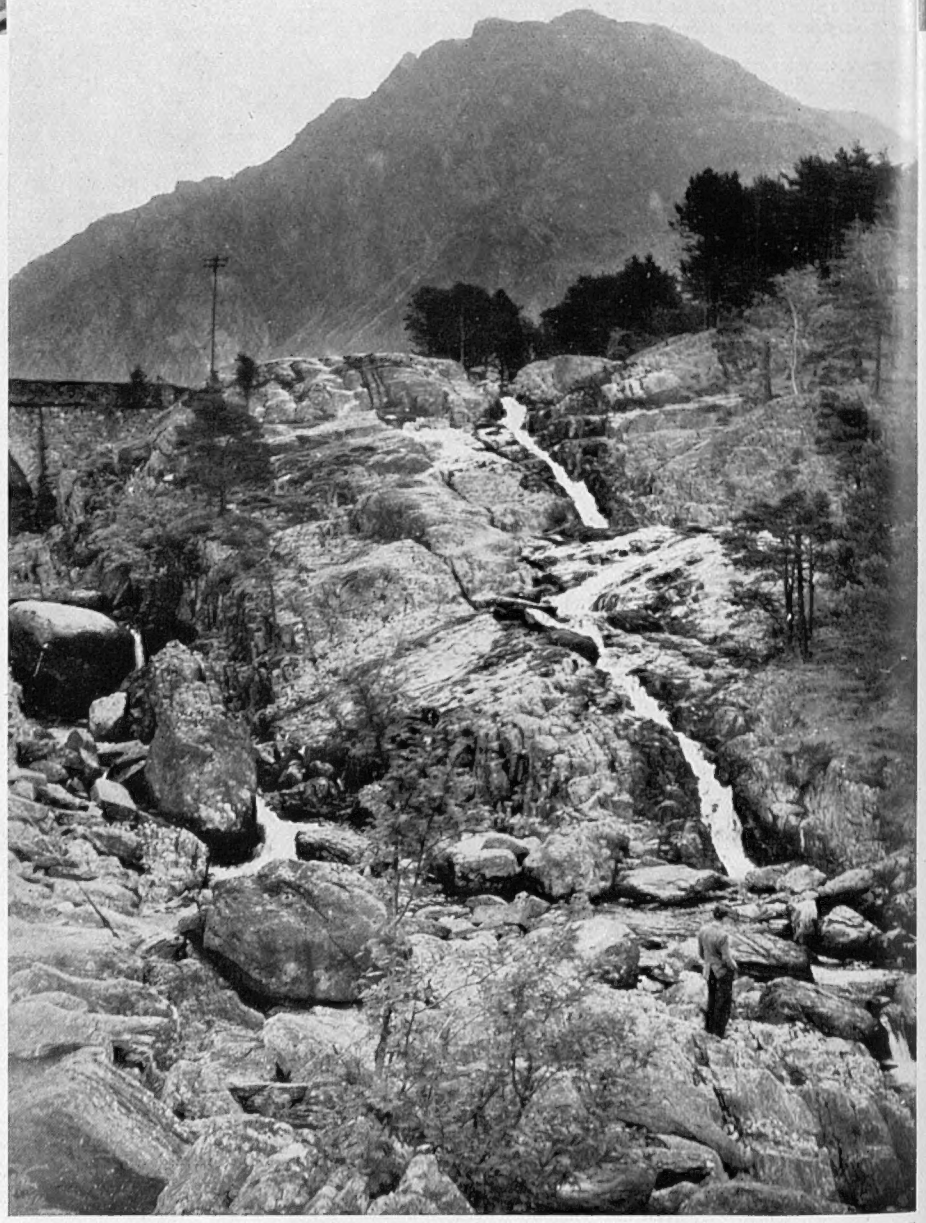
THE NANT FFRANCON VALLEY WHICH MAY BE FLOODED AND TURNED INTO A RESERVOIR UNDER PROPOSED HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEMES : Recently about 200 climbers and walkers gathered at neighbouring Lake Ogwen to hold a mass meeting of protest against these schemes in an area which is expected to be declared a National Park

POWER PROJECT OR NATIONAL PARK?—A Controversy in Snowdonia

The people of Wales have long cherished the idea of establishing a National Park in Snowdonia, and there must be thousands of young people in Liverpool and other cities of the north who share that desire for an unspoilt playground. Those ideas have lately been sadly shaken by rumours that the British Electricity Authority might seek sanction for a power scheme in the region of the Falls of Ogwen and the Nant Ffrancon Pass. To mark their disapproval of such plans 200 people held an open-air meeting at the head of the Pass at the beginning of October, with Sir Norman Birkett, Chairman of the Standing Committee on National Parks, a prominent figure among them. Sir Norman indicated that the present schemes of the B.E.A. in Snowdonia could not be implemented without doing irreparable injury. The Bishop of St. Asaph has been an outspoken critic of the B.E.A., and has declared: "I urge the people of Wales to preserve their heritage if they want to preserve their soul, and beware lest they sell it for a mess of pottage." Mr. T. Stephenson, honorary secretary of the National Ramblers' Association, has also joined issue on the point. If the schemes are permitted, he declares, it would be senseless for Parliament to waste time on National Parks legislation. If a petition is raised it is understood that it will have to be presented as a legal document to a Select Committee, and it is said that costs would amount to at least £1,000.



SIR NORMAN BIRKETT TALKS WITH THREE HIKERS : The Chairman of the Standing Committee on National Parks, at the big meeting of protest in Snowdonia



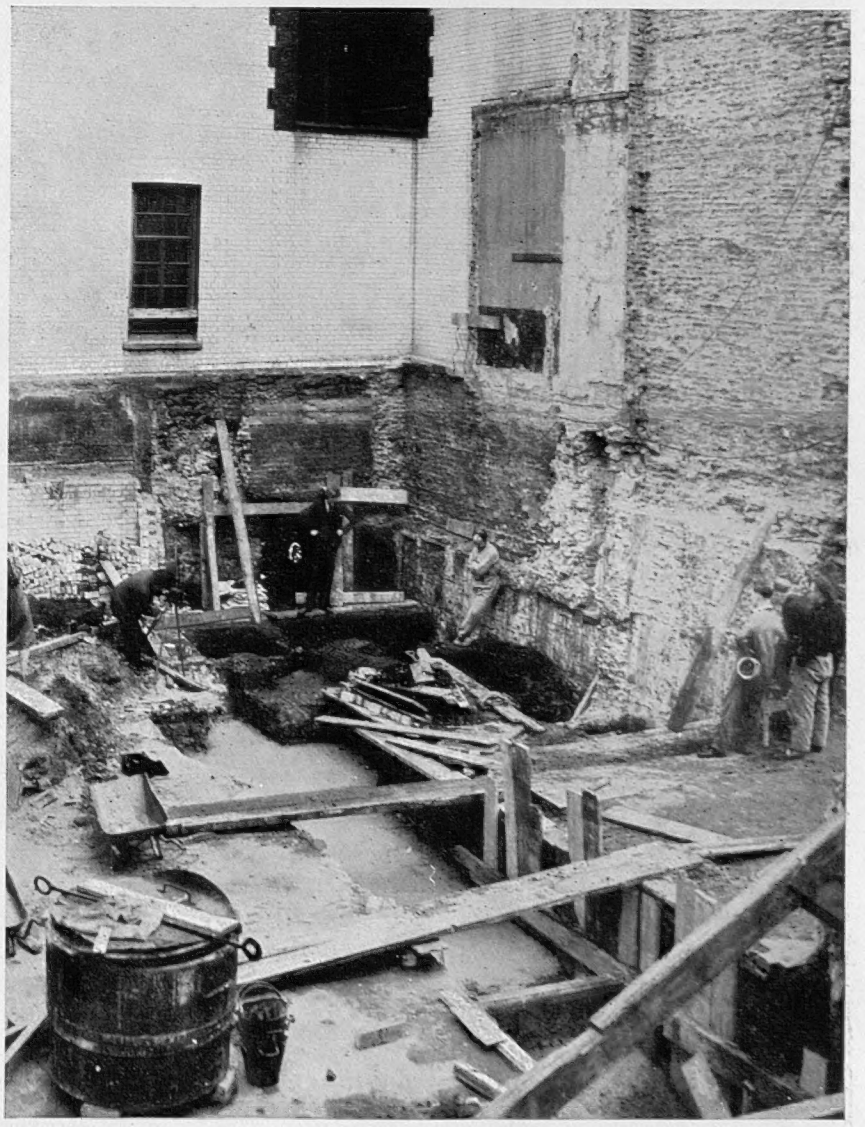
THE FALLS OF OGWEN, A FAMOUS NORTH WALES BEAUTY SPOT WHICH MAY BE MARRED IF THE SNOWDONIA POWER PROJECTS COME TO FRUITION : Feeling in Wales and on the Marches runs high in this matter, and many people in public life, including the Bishop of St. Asaph, have urged the people of Wales to preserve their heritage

DIGGING UP THE CITY OF LONDON'S PAST

The Search for Dick Whittington's Tomb and the Excavation of a Roman House

THE TRUMPETERS HERALD THE START OF THE EXCAVATIONS FOR THE BURIAL-PLACE OF RICHARD WHITTINGTON : By chance a black cat entered the church during the service and lay down in front of the trumpeters

A SERVICE PRECEDED THE START OF EXCAVATION WORK AT ST. MICHAEL PATERNOSTER, DICK WHITTINGTON'S CHURCH : In the bomb-damaged church members of City companies and other dignitaries gathered for the ceremony and later they saw the Master of the Mercers dig the first spadeful of earth in the hunt for the burial-place of Sir Richard Whittington. St. Michael Paternoster occupies the site of what was for long known as Whittington's Church, and it is known that in that old church Sir Richard Whittington was buried no fewer than three times, first at his death in 1423, again in Edward VI's time when he was disinterred and reburied, and a third time in the reign of Queen Mary. Trumpeters in fourteenth-century costume led the procession before the service



A ROMAN MOSAIC IS UNCOVERED IN THE CITY OF LONDON : A close-up of the mosaic (*left*) and the diggings at No. 11, Ironmonger Lane (*right*), where Mr. Adrian Oswald, F.S.A., working on behalf of the Guildhall Museum, has found the remains of a Roman house or houses with mosaic pavements. The pavement, unfortunately only a fragment, is the first to be found in the City since the excavation of the Bank of England. Its pattern is composed of ¼-in. tesseræ in white, red, blue and yellow. It lies 16 ft. below the street-level, and is thought to belong to the third century A.D. The pavements do not represent work of the first quality. One report says that it has been decided to preserve the pavements *in situ*, and that they will be incorporated in the new premises rising in Ironmonger Lane. Another report states that in building new foundations the mosaics will disappear from view under many feet of concrete

"INTERPOL": THE WORLD'S WHITEHALL 1212

Tracking Down Global Wrongdoers. **By FERDINAND TUOHY**

THERE are few pleasanter moments in this job than to be strolling up the Champs-Elysées on a lovely September morn and at the same time to be earning one's pittance. Or about to do so, for I was headed for an offshoot of the Ministry of the Interior near the Arc de Triomphe, where I presently found what I was looking for, though hardly in the setting to be expected.

The International Criminal Police Commission, otherwise Interpol, occupies a small, dark, ground-floor office. Many an ordinary police-station is better off. Yet Interpol not only spans the globe; it is at once a model of economy, and a lesson in co-operation to the United Nations, which has failed completely to get *its* international police force going.

Interpol's permanent staff, inside and outside, numbers twenty. Its budget is met by the thirty-one member nations which have recourse to it in tracking down what the Americans call "global" wrongdoers: robbers and swindlers, dope traffickers and white-slavers, counterfeiters and gangsters, racketeers and killers, who cross frontiers with false passports and are ready to hop from continent to continent. Before the coming of Interpol, countries concentrated on the safety of their own territories only. If criminals were chased over the border, so much the better. Now the chase is pursued across the seven seas if need be.

Interpol is like a spider at the centre, albeit its chief, sixty-eight-year-old Louis Ducloux, prefers to compare the organisation to a collective master mind which can summon Scotland Yard, the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Sûreté Générale, and the rest of the detecting headquarters, and be summoned by them. Bald, rotund, cheery M. Ducloux is an ex-Sûreté man himself. Above him, and changing every five years, is a governor taken from the police chiefs of the member nations. The present Governor is M. Elouwage, of Belgium.

For Interpol has been operating many years, and if attention has recently been focussed upon it, the reason is that it has never been in such demand. Dozens of enquiries are answered each day by radio or cable. Dossiers pass back and forth. Red-tabbed dossiers mean "arrest on sight and hold for extradition." Green means "keep an eye on suspect and advise Interpol." Blue means "send all information available." Black means that the criminal has died.

Interpol may not itself arrest, but does that through the Sûreté Générale. Nor does it do any on-the-spot investigations. Each would infringe national sovereignty, on which nations are so touchy. What it does is to step in and shadow on demand, and act as a constant clearing-house and catalogue of international crime—everything except political cases. And, as it happens, headquarters could not be in a more suitable place than Paris at this juncture.

French public opinion has been shocked at the ease with which armed hold-ups are carried out. The £200,000 jewel robbery from the Aga Khan at Cannes, and the £50,000 raid on a Deauville jewellers, were highlights of a positive epidemic whose supposed origins are worth noting outside France. They are: too-lenient sentences, and a switch-over from the black market, the bottom of which has fallen out—in France, at any rate.

"In the course of the last few years" (you read) "all the bad lads have had a fine, easy life. Money was made without risk by those who knew the pulse of the black market. Then hunger drove the wolf out of the woods. From that point of view the incredible boldness of the gangsters is almost a reassuring sign. Now it is up to the police to do their job."

Yet such domestic crime is hardly Interpol's "pidjin," however spectacular it may be. It is another matter when Paris becomes the spending Mecca of both hemispheres. International crooks and criminals follow the big money, and when it's the dollar, as with France this year, Interpol's files and facilities emerge as number one stand-bys. The fashionable Paris bar has been the favourite meeting-place of the kind of persons, sedentary and mobile, who most interest Interpol.

The bigger racket operators came into their first really big money last year when arms, planes, and other war supplies were "disappearing" regularly from England, America, and a variety of European countries. The traffic still goes on, particularly in regard to aircraft, and the main difficulty in checking it continues to be the loyalty of the lesser fry who fall into the police net. Britons, including ex-R.A.F. officers, are very loyal, it seems.

A master-criminal, known as "Lightning," is also believed to be British. Interpol is well after "Lightning," who got his name because of the swiftness with which his gangs range from place to place. He is now thought to be preparing to plunder the great international air lines which carry so much of value in such small space. Nine of "Lightning's" men were caught at London Airport, but the brain escaped. The gangs receive detailed directions as to how to carry out raids and where to deliver the loot, and they know they will get a fair share of the profits. But they are ignorant as to the identity of the man who gives them their orders. The police of half the ports of the world are on the look-out for him.

Messages to ports can be highly rewarding, as two recent Interpol successes demonstrated.

The first had Greece as its setting. An international gambler spotted a weakness in a Customs officer and inveigled him into heavy gaming. When the victim had lost sufficiently heavily, the crook said he would take payment out of the Customs receipts. The resultant embezzlement went on for weeks, after which the crook produced three bank officials who converted billions of drachmæ into several currencies. Then all five took flight. And Interpol was called in.

Two months later, the gambler was found in Teheran, the Customs officer at Caracas, Venezuela, two of the bank employees in Switzerland, and the third in Capetown. Not bad, as showing how far and quickly the net can be flung. But something even quicker followed.

Two confidence men were liberated from prison. They were "an English gentleman type" and an Austrian actor. They tore up their tickets-of-leave, secured false passports, vanished, and were reported to Interpol, which immediately fastened on one point in the dossier: "May operate as gentleman and gentleman's servant." This possibility was sent out all over the world, with the result that just such a couple were found in Shanghai. They had been to work on a wealthy Argentine tourist.

Counterfeiting is one of the banes of Europe's attempted recovery. Hardly a country or a currency but is involved. The situation has never been retrieved from the day when the Nazis forged paper money to the tune of £200,000,000 as part of an offensive in economic warfare. Only £20,000,000 was used before the end; no less than £150,000,000-"worth" was burned, but the balance, £30,000,000-"worth," in a variety of currencies, has been leaking out, on and off, ever since.

Add to this, private printing machines up and down the Continent, and Interpol's hardest task will be appreciated. It is almost impossible to trace the counterfeits to the original source. When a Berlin youth was found pushing a barrow with a sack containing about 6,000,000 roubles, arrests of twenty accomplices in a chain stretching south to Prague and east to Warsaw failed to unearth the printing place. When police burst into Marseilles wine cellars and found four 7-ton printing machines and £2,000,000-worth of fake dollar bills—that was as far as the sleuths got.

The best haul made since the war occurred in Paris, where a super-press and £500,000 in phoney bills of half-a-dozen countries were taken. Better still, no fewer than 120 arrests were made. This time the source *was* found. "This is too much!" protested the ring-leaders. "Two or even three dozen arrests—we expected as much should things go wrong. But more than a hundred! What is the world coming to!" "That," said M. Ducloux, "is how it should be much more often."

White slavery has fallen off through the banning of prostitution in several Continental countries (although the Paris Municipal Council has, I see, a motion before it, calling for a reversal of the 1946 decision on health and other grounds). The people in whom Interpol is principally interested are the procurers. As brazen a case as one remembers, concerned a German doctor who was found in Switzerland recruiting nurses for "an Algerian hospital." He was out for attractive girls, regardless of training, and, suspicions being aroused, Interpol was cabled.

Enquiry at Algiers drew a blank. Acting on a hunch, Ducloux then asked several towns round the Mediterranean basin if a German doctor recruiting nurses struck a familiar chord. The sequel was swift and alarming: the recruiting was being done for a string of Cairo houses of ill-fame.

And what do you think was the next case upon which Interpol was consulted? It had to do with racehorses. Some Italian thoroughbreds had been rustled over into Austria. In point of fact, Interpol has more than once been consulted in respect of the exotic robberies in churches, museums, and collections, of which I wrote earlier in the year.

To return to Interpol: chief world hunt at present is for an alleged California murderer possessing five passports, and last seen on the Shanghai Bund.

Chief success concerns a man arrested for jewel robberies on the line The Hague-Berne-Paris-Barcelona-Lisbon. Interpol was put on his track through the profound melancholy of his countenance being noted. He came to be known as "The Sad One," and it was the more perplexing in that he was invariably reported as travelling with the same beautiful lady wearing the latest Paris creations.

Those creations were to explain the gloom. The fellow had been a smalltime confidence man. Then he met Her, and couldn't keep up with her dress bills. So he switched to jewel robberies in order to pay for the Paris models. He knew it would prove beyond his capacity. Hence the growing melancholy.

FRENCH WOMEN PROTEST AGAINST THE CONTINUANCE OF THE COLONIAL WAR IN INDO-CHINA: *Left*—Members of a delegation of 400 women Communists being pushed back by the police as they sought to gain entrance to the Ministry of War and obtain audience with M. Ramadier, the Minister. They were for the most part wives or mothers of men still fighting in Indo-China. *Right*—A woman delegate arguing with police officers

THOSE WHOM THE POLICE HIT AND WHOM THEY DARED NOT HIT: *Left*—Two women in the Communist protest delegation holding handkerchiefs to their faces after the police had driven them back. *Right*—Women mayors of French towns wearing their tricolor sashes as they took part in the demonstration

Guerilla warfare in Indo-China still continues, and since the appointment of General Carpentier as C.-in-C. last summer the French troops have taken the field with renewed ardour against the guerilla forces of Vietminh. In June French land forces, parachutists, naval units and aircraft were engaged in a combined operation on a large scale. At home the French people have shown themselves to be heartily sick of this "colonial war," and the Communists, never slow to exploit popular indignation, have recently held a rally in Paris to protest against the continuing slaughter. The police took strong action against the women Communists, and quite a number of the demonstrators were rather badly bruised in the course of the fighting.

"EVERY FIELD AN AIRPORT" IS THE MOTTO OF THE MAKERS OF THIS NEW LIGHT PLANE: This "scoop-wing" plane, or paraplane, developed in the United States by the Lanier Aircraft Corporation, is built with gull-like wings which scoop in air to aid in steep descending and ascending. It is said that the paraplane can land or take off on any good-sized lawn. The designers also claim that the paraplane now brings personal aviation in the United States nearer to a house-to-house basis

WHERE AIR IS SCOOPED INTO THE GULL-LIKE WINGS OF THE NEW HOUSE-TO-HOUSE PLANE: This scoop action creates a low-pressure area in the wing top, effectively cushioning the paraplane's descent

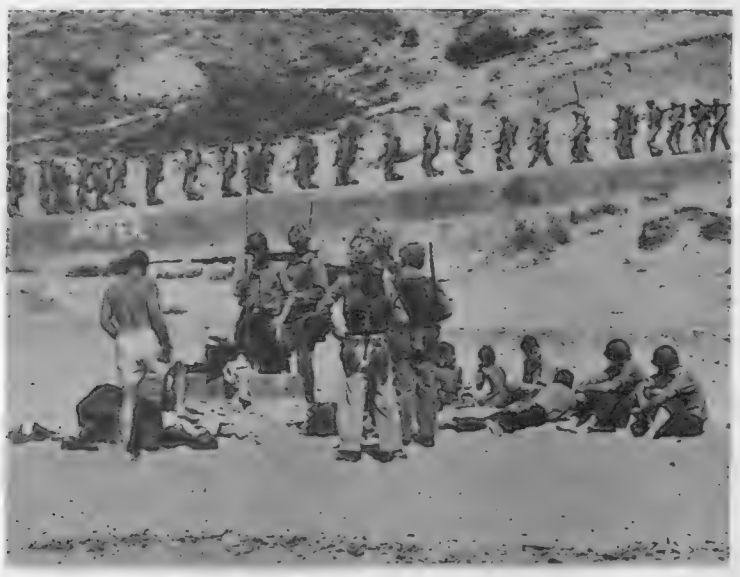
THE LANIER PARAPLANE IN REPOSE AND IN ACTION: *Left*—The paraplane in flight. A picture showing its remarkable silhouette which makes the machine so easy to identify. *Right*—A ground view of the "scoop-wing" machine, showing its bat-like shape and gull-wing dihedral. These features impart both lift and stability

NEW SILHOUETTES IN THE AMERICAN SKY

The Scoop-wing Plane for Lawn Landings, and the Glenn Martin Light Bomber

THE NEWEST AND STRANGEST PLANE IN THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE: *Above and on right*—Two views of the Martin XB 51, an aircraft for the support of troops, developed by the Glenn L. Martin Company and now launched on their fortieth anniversary. With its sharply swept-back wings, tandem landing gear and three turbo jet engines—two of them mounted on pylons on the lower sides of the fuselage—this new warplane will be easy enough to identify in the sky. Its development has been kept a closely-guarded secret, and even now no details of performance are available beyond the fact that the speed is high. The third turbo-jet unit is mounted in the rear of the fuselage. The two-man crew of the XB 51 is accommodated in a pressurised air-conditioned cockpit with ejection seats. The landing gear consists of dual wheels mounted bicycle-style, with smaller outrigger wheels for balance

THE U.S.S. ASSAULT TRANSPORT "ALGOL" AND THE DESTROYER "WEEKS" APPROACH THE SHORE AT THE START OF THE INVASION EXERCISE OF THE SIXTH TASK FORCE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: The Commander of the Sixth Task Force is hovering above the scene of the landing in his helicopter. The "Algol" has her winches in action as assault craft are lowered into the sea to take off Marines from the destroyer "Weeks." 1,200 men went ashore at the start of this exercise



THE HEADQUARTERS ON THE BEACH: This picture was taken as the invasion gathered pace and, with positions in shore apparently well held, it was possible for succeeding waves of troops to march forward from the point of disembarkation. Zero hour was 7 a.m.

CONTROLLING THE INVASION OF MALTA: Two wireless operators perched on the cliffs above Ghajn Tuffieha watch the American Marines establishing their bridgehead. With wireless they direct the approach of the assault landing-craft, telling each unit when to come in

THE UNITED STATES MARINES INVADE MALTA

Twelve Hundred Men of the Sixth Task Force Take Part in Training on the George Cross Island

A few weeks ago Dr. Boffa, Prime Minister of Malta, threatened a possible appeal to the United States if Britain did not show more consideration for her island subjects in the Mediterranean. It may be that that was a mere threat; but the fact remains that Malta can be very useful to the United States, whose Marines have nowhere to exercise in the Mediterranean and nowhere to relax during spells away from their duties at sea. Recently the military authorities gave permission to America's Sixth Task Force to carry out an invasion exercise in the Ghajn Tuffieha region of Malta. It was not only a useful exercise from the point of view of tactical training, but gave the Americans a much appreciated chance to stretch their legs after many weeks at sea. The invasion started at 7 a.m. with landing-craft sending wave after wave of Marines into the attack on two beachheads in the region of Ghajn Tuffieha. Patrols were soon clambering up the rocky hillside to enlarge the bridgehead, their olive-green combat dress merging into the pattern of tufted rock and sand. Radio posts and supply dumps appeared with lightning rapidity, and before long jeeps and motor-cycles were coming in. Air cover was provided by carrier-borne Corsair fighters from the aircraft-carrier *Leyte*, which patrolled the area, and artillery cover was provided by the *Des Moines* (crack cruiser and flagship of Vice-Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Commander of the Sixth Task Fleet), the U.S.S. *Worcester*, and a destroyer force which included the U.S.S. *Hank*, *Weeks*, *Firse*, *Turner* and *Ault*. Later in the day the cruiser *Des Moines* and other vessels actually took part in artillery operations, their guns being controlled from an O.P. at Dingli.

Late in the afternoon the Marines re-embarked in their ships, as also did the reconnaissance party which had been landed a day previously by submarine and destroyer in order to reconnoitre the ground in advance of zero hour. After re-embarkation Admiral Forrest and his Task Force set out for Gulf Juan via Aranci Bay, Sardinia. The exercise was voted a great success, and there is no doubt that the Americans would like to return to Malta more often. With so many of our troops away in Hong Kong it is argued that they might at least become temporary "paying guests."

THE ASSAULT CRAFT GATHERED BENEATH THE STEEP SLOPES IN THE REGION OF GHAJN TUFFIEHA: Some of the assault craft were carried in the Assault Transport U.S.S. "Algol"

STUDYING COSMIC RAYS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH : Deep in this worked-out cavern of the Cayagu Rock Salt Company's mine near Ithaca, New York, Mr. Lowell M. Bollinger, a research assistant in nuclear studies at Cornell University, is seen checking a cylinder of forty-eight Geiger counters and other cosmic-ray recording apparatus. He is 2,250 ft. below ground, and the purpose of his work is to study cosmic-ray penetration in its manifestations at great depths

FROM THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

Studying Cosmic Rays Below Ground ; Haiti's International Fair ; New York's International Airport

WHERE HAITI IS PREPARING HER WORLD'S FAIR, WHICH IS DUE TO OPEN IN DECEMBER : The Post Office, Communications building and Palace of Tourism, which will be the focal point of the great exhibition to be held near Port-au-Prince. Two thousand people have been employed in the past year in preparing the grounds, and land has been reclaimed from the foreshore by an American contractor. The Governments of the United States, France, Italy, Belgium, Vatican City, Malta, Peru, Venezuela, Guatemala, Honduras and Jamaica will have pavilions, and there will also be a giant entertainment park. This "Festival of Peace" will celebrate the 200th anniversary of Port-au-Prince

KITTY McCLYNN SHOWS HOW TO LAY BRICKS QUICKLY : This student of Huntingdon College, Alabama, is displaying a new device invented by two American ex-Servicemen and now on public display at Huntingdon College. The mechanical bricklayer is said to operate at four times the normal speed even in the hands of a novice. The inventors also claim that the machine will reduce brick-laying costs substantially

THE PROGRESS OF NEW YORK'S INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT : This is one of eighteen giant steel arches which will support the triple hinged steel-arch hangars now rising on the airfield. Each arch has a total span of 100 yards. While the Americans are using steel for their hangars, the Italians, seriously short of steel, have developed hangars in reinforced concrete sections. In one hangar recently erected on the outskirts of Rome six buttresses support a roof 336 ft. by 120 ft.

POLITICS DOMINATE THE FOREIGN SCENE

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

TITO BUILDS "THE UNITY OF BROTHERHOOD ROAD": Operations in progress outside the village of Garchen, about halfway between Belgrade and Zagreb, on the new highway which is being built by voluntary labour between the first and second cities of Yugoslavia. It is called the Unity of Brotherhood Road because it will tie more closely the interests of the people of Serbia and Croatia. Most of the 250-mile highway has been built with picks and shovels, owing to Yugoslavia's lack of specialised equipment, but the vast concrete mixer and layer seen in this picture has helped to speed up the task, the deadline for which is late November. On a railway beside the mixer are trams containing aggregate and cement in correct proportions, and this is fed into the machine as it advances across the countryside. Thousands of Youth Brigade workers, who toiled without pay on the road during their summer holidays, were recently welcomed back to Belgrade at an official ceremony organised by the leaders of Yugoslavian Government

TROOPS HELP ON THE BELGRADE-ZAGREB ROAD: Members of an infantry unit watched by an officer as they level the ground. On the hut in the background are portraits of leaders of the Yugoslav State. Marshal Tito's picture was there until the wind blew it away. The picture in the centre of the lower row is that of Vice-President Mosa Pijade, who recently organised the welcome back to Belgrade of the volunteer workers who toiled on the road throughout the summer holidays, receiving no pay

THE COMMUNISTS BEGIN THEIR MUCH-HERALDED AUTUMN ASSAULT IN FRANCE: This gathering took place at the Porte de Versailles, Paris, and was described as a Peace Day rally organised by the World Congress of Partisans of Peace. In a large urn the delegates deposited over 1,000,000 ballots in favour of a resolution calling for world peace. In the immediate foreground on the left is M. Maurice Thorez, the French Communist leader. M. Thorez, the son of a collier, was born at Noyelles in the Pas de Calais in 1900. He moved over from the Socialist Party to the Communist Party in 1920 and, representing Ivry as Communist Deputy, led his party in the French Chamber from 1936 to 1939. During part of the war he was in Moscow and returned to France in 1944, becoming a member of the Consultative Assembly and Minister of State under General de Gaulle. Thorez was a member of successive Cabinets until 1947, when the Communists, having voted against the Government of which they were members, were removed from office by President Auriol's decree. Thorez is now planning his biggest offensive and, with Trade Union unity now assured, it is thought that he will make a determined bid for power

A DEMONSTRATION IN PORTUGUESE INDIA: Commander F. Q. Mendonça Dias, Governor-General of New Goa and the islands of the Malabar coast, acknowledging the cheers of the inhabitants of New Goa who gathered to demonstrate their loyalty to the Portuguese administration. The parade was a counter to agitation for Portugal's withdrawal from the sub-continent. New Goa has been the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India since 1843. Old Goa, once the wealthiest city in India, is now in ruins. The colony has belonged to Portugal since its capture by Albuquerque in 15

THE "GENERAL W. H. GORDON" REACHES HONG KONG FROM SHANGHAI: Passengers disembarking from the evacuee ship of the American President Lines. More than 1,000 evacuees, of all nationalities, including thirty-eight babies all under six months, arrived at Hong Kong aboard the *General W. H. Gordon* from Communist-held Shanghai. American flags were painted on the sides and upper deck of the liner, which moved into Kowloon among a group of welcoming small craft. Although some passengers reported seeing planes on the way down the Yangtse, the ship's master said the sole contact with the Nationalists was an identification challenge from a Nationalist warship. Passengers reported Shanghai as being more clean and orderly than when the Nationalists were in control, although business men aboard the liner said small firms were closing because they had no stocks for

THE TRIAL OF MAJOR PHILIP SCHMITT, COMMANDANT OF THE NOTORIOUS CONCENTRATION CAMP AT BREENDONCK, BELGIUM: *Left*—Major Schmitt listening to the evidence in the court at Antwerp. He is accused of torturing and ill-treating prisoners, and killing eighty-three of them. He declared in evidence that he acted on orders from General Alexander von Falkenhausen, German Military Governor of Belgium and Northern France during the occupation. *Centre*—General von Falkenhausen (wearing spotted tie) listening to the evidence in court. When he took the stand he declared that Schmitt had received his orders direct from Himmler. *Right*—General Reeder taking the oath. Reeder was Chief of the German Military Administration during the occupation. Both Falkenhausen and Reeder are due to stand trial

A NEW PHASE IN THE CHURCH VERSUS STATE CONFLICT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Women are now being ordained as priests in the Czech Church. Anezka Kubistova (left) and Vlasta Zitkova are seen in this picture after their ordination by Bishop Novak. Since the formation of the Government-sponsored Catholic Action Organisation and its subsequent condemnation by the Vatican, the crisis in Czechoslovakian religious affairs has mounted. Archbishop Beran has described the new movement as schismatic in a pastoral letter issued to all Catholics in Czechoslovakia

"THE REDS KIDNAPPED ME": Walter Harrison, former maintenance officer at the British Legation at Budapest, is seen (centre) telling reporters at The Hague of his experiences. Harrison was kidnapped outside the Museum of Fine Arts, grilled for four hours at a house somewhere in Buda, and then driven back to his starting-point and pushed out on the pavement. Harrison was enmeshed in the web of intrigue when he received a mysterious telephone call asking if he was interested in the whereabouts of Mrs. Anita Torbagyi, the twenty-two-year-old telephone operator at the British Legation who had at that time been missing for five days. Harrison reported that he saw Mrs. Torbagyi while in the hands of the Communists, and that she seemed "completely broken" by her experiences

NEWS FROM THE EAST-GERMAN BORDERLAND—ASPECTS OF THE SOVIET DRIVE TO COUNTERBALANCE THE WESTERN REGIME AT BONN: *Left*—**A bonfire at the mass meeting held on the boundary of the French and Russian Sectors of Berlin. The meeting was addressed by Gerhard Eisler, the Communist who jumped his bail in the United States. He called for the formation of an Eastern Government.** *Right*—**Germans from the Soviet Zone of Germany crossing into the British Zone at Eicholz-Herrnburg when the barriers were dropped for two days as an earnest of Russian endeavours to secure All-German Federation**

Confronted by the successful establishment of the West German Federal Republic at Bonn, which could not for a moment be labelled as a puppet Government, so wide and far-reaching are its powers, the Soviet authorities have been seeking by every means to institute counter-measures. At Eisler's meeting on the borders of the French and American Sectors of Berlin the Communist leader called for the establishment of an Eastern Republic. This apparently would be the prelude to the establishment of an All-German Government with its capital at Berlin. The challenge of the vigorous regime at Bonn to the blinkered political system of the Eastern Zone has obviously caused considerable Soviet heart-searchings, and at the time of writing there are rumours of an early meeting of the People's Council in the Eastern Zone to resolve the situation. The opening of the frontier was an obvious propaganda measure to aid popular sentiment in favour of all-German Union.

BUILDING NUFFIELD COLLEGE

Picton Castle Sold : Waverley for Sale : Dover Castle Repairs

THE RISE OF OXFORD'S NEWEST COLLEGE : Work in progress on the erection of the Warden's house at Nuffield College. The new College, the foundation-stone of which was laid last April, lies on a site which for two centuries was used largely as a coal depot. It will vastly improve the western approach to Oxford, and that, indeed, was one of the subsidiary ideas in the founding of the College. Nuffield College is to specialise in social science research, its principal aim being to bridge the present gap between academic pursuits and the realm of practical affairs. Up to now its work has been done in temporary buildings. The constructional plan for this new Oxford College was envisaged by Lord Nuffield in 1937 when he offered the University a site to the north of the Castle Mound and a sum of £900,000 for the building and endowment of the College

HISTORIC PICTON CASTLE CHANGES HANDS, BUT STAYS IN THE FAMILY : Picton Castle, about four-and-a-half miles from Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, has just been sold to Lord Milford of Llanstephan House, Radnorshire. It was formerly the home of Sir John Phillips, who died in London this year, and the castle has been occupied by the Phillips family since the fourteenth century. The new purchaser, Lord Milford, is a family connection. The castle, an admirable specimen of an early Edwardian fortress somewhat marred by modern additions, stands in beautiful country, its wooded parklands sweeping down to the banks of the winding River Cleddau. During the Second World War American troops occupied parts of the castle

THE RESTORATION OF DOVER CASTLE: The Constable's Tower and drawbridge of the famous fortress which is now undergoing restoration at the hands of the Ministry of Works. Apart from preserving the original structure, the restoration also entails the removal of modern additions which obscure the original aspect of the castle. The castle stands 375 ft. above sea-level on the chalk cliffs to the east of the harbour. Parts of the present building date back to Saxon and Norman times. The Norman sallyport was excavated in 1924. Each year approximately 70,000 people visit the castle, and the opportunity is always taken during the winter months to refurbish the celebrated collection of arms and armour, which includes "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol," the 24-ft. long cannon cast at Utrecht in 1544

On left—**WAVERLEY IN THE MARKET:** Part of the ruins of the ancient Cistercian Abbey at Waverley, near Farnham, Surrey, on an estate of 500 acres which has lately been offered for sale. The estate includes a Georgian mansion with thirty-two bedrooms, as well as the Cistercian ruins. The last owner of Waverley was Mr. John Alexander Whitehead, whose widow still occupies a flat on the ground floor of the mansion. Mr. Whitehead had plans for making the estate pay, including a mile-and-a-half course for pony racing encircling the Abbey watercress beds

On right—**THE ROMAN LIGHTHOUSE BUILT NEAR THE SITE OF DOVER CASTLE IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.:** In the background is the Keep of Dover Castle now undergoing restoration at the hands of the Office of Works. Only the lower part of the Pharos is of Roman origin

WORK GOES AHEAD WITHIN THE AREA BEING RECLAIMED ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES: This view, looking past County Hall on the left to the Houses of Parliament on the far side of the river, shows part of the 4½ acres which are being taken from the Thames and which will form the frontage of the Great Exhibition of 1951. The piles on the right show where the new embankment wall is to be built behind coffer-dams. The space in the foreground of the picture will be filled in with rubble taken from the blitzed buildings of South London. When the Exhibition is over, there will be a spacious promenade along the South Bank from Waterloo Bridge to Westminster Bridge, and this part of South London will gain vastly in dignity. The embankment is being built of Cornish granite, and several large quarries also supplying the new Chamber of the House of Commons have pledged their entire output to the task in hand

BEHIND THE THAMES COFFER-DAMS

The Progress of the Work on the Great Exhibition of 1951 on the South Bank

THE CURVING LINE OF PILES WHERE THE COFFER-DAMS WILL BE SET UP AND BEHIND WHICH THE EMBANKMENT WALL WILL BE BUILT: The wall will extend from County Hall to Waterloo Bridge, and within it will be the 4½ reclaimed acres

AMID A FOREST OF SCAFFOLDING THE STRUCTURE OF THE SOUTH BANK CONCERT HALL IS RISING ON THE CLEARED SITE BETWEEN COUNTY HALL AND WATERLOO BRIDGE: The concert hall will remain after the Exhibition is over, providing a much-needed place of entertainment in South London. In the background is the old Shot Tower, which is being preserved as a feature of the Exhibition

AT THE GRAVES OF JOHN KEATS AND JOSEPH SEVERN : Two English visitors in the English cemetery at Rome where Keats and his lifelong friend the artist, Joseph Severn, and Percy Bysshe Shelley are buried. This year many thousands of British and American tourists have sought out this quiet cemetery to pay tribute to the poets, and they have visited also the house in the Piazza de Spagna, Rome, which has been acquired and dedicated to the memory of Keats and Shelley by their admirers in England and America. With the £10,000 which it is hoped to raise in England as an endowment fund, the house could be maintained and also the graves. The Memorial House was purchased in 1908 by the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association. Keats's grave bears the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." In the bitterness of his death-bed Keats requested that these words be inscribed on the tomb

HOMAGE TO KEATS and SHELLEY

A Host of Tourists in Rome This Year Have Paid Tribute to the Great Poets

AT THE GRAVE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY : Shelley was drowned at sea when on a passage from Leghorn in a sailing yacht. It was after Keats's death in 1821 that Shelley wrote "Adonais," his elegy containing the lines : "Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise, the grave, the city and the wilderness"

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE KEATS-SHELLEY HOUSE IN THE PIAZZA DE SPAGNA : The plaque records that Keats died there in February 1821 at the age of twenty-six. Shelley died within a year of Keats's death

A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE IN A QUIET CORNER OF ROME : The Piazza de Spagna with the Keats-Shelley Memorial House, containing many relics of the poets, on the right of the steps leading up to the Church of Santissima Trinita de Monti, erected by Charles VIII of France in 1495. Flowers are sold under big umbrellas at the foot of the steps, and in the foreground is Bernini's fountain "La Barcaccia" (the ugly boat). The plaque bearing the inscription relating to Keats's death can be seen on the wall of the Memorial House

THE "PAMIR" SAILS UP-CHANNEL AFTER CUTTING A FURROW ACROSS HALF THE WORLD: An aerial view of the great sailing-ship which arrived at Falmouth at the beginning of October, having taken 127 days to sail from Port Victoria, Australia. Captain Björkfelt, who said the voyage was an unusually long one, brought the same vessel to England in 96 days in 1939. In 1948 the "Pamir" did an 80-day voyage from New Zealand, a shorter distance, via the Horn, by about 2,000 miles

WHEN ONLY TEN MILES OFF
Zealand ownership, bei
diminished fleet. What
include "Pamir" and

THE "PAMIR" WITH EVERY STITCH OF
calm October day, offering no oppo
of Australian barley. In 1939 sh

"PAMIR" and "PASSAT"

THE LAST OF THE GRAIN RACERS REACH ENGLAND FROM AUSTRALIA

Time and time again between the wars it seemed that the Australian grain race was doomed. Since the Second World War, when the Erikson grain fleet was scattered, the *Pamir* becoming a prize in New Zealand hands and the *Lawhill* a South African prize, the annual race to England has been even less of a contest, but the windjammers have not departed for ever from the headlines, and, indeed, last week, when *Pamir* and *Passat* both reached England on the same day, the former putting in at Falmouth and the latter at Barry, something of the romantic past was for a moment brought to life. Both ships took over 120 days to complete the voyage from Port Victoria, Australia. The *Passat* reported particularly heavy seas round Cape Horn, but according to Captain Hagerstrand, now sixty years old, the volunteer members of his crew behaved splendidly. The crew of thirty-five on board *Pamir* included two women, Mrs. Mollie Liewendahl, of New Plymouth, New Zealand, wife of the Chief Officer, and Mrs. May Smythe, from Auckland, wife of the Second Officer. Both had signed on as stewardesses, receiving the nominal pay of 1s. per month.

OF LMOUTH THE "PAMIR" WAS ALMOST BECALMED: The Finnish grain ship seen at the end of her long voyage. During the war the "Pamir" passed from Finnish to New bei aken as a prize by New Zealand. In 1948 the "Pamir" was handed back to Finland as a gesture of goodwill, and has since formed part of Edgar Erikson's greatly hat future will be is at the time of writing uncertain, but Mr. Erikson is reported to have said last week that he was prepared to sell four of his five windjammers, which nd assat," providing they are used for training and not broken up for scrap. The "Pamir" is a vessel of 2,796 tons. She was built in the Hamburg yards in 1905

AS SPREAD: The great grain racer gliding up-Channel on a to show her speed. "Pamir" had in her holds 4,200 tons regarded as the winner of the Australian grain race

THE "PASSAT" AT ANCHOR IN BARRY ROADS AT THE END OF HER VOYAGE OF 122 DAYS FROM PORT BROUGHTON, AUSTRALIA: The "Passat," with 4,000 tons of wheat aboard, had a narrow escape from hitting a dangerous reef in the Bristol Channel. When near the Smalls, in a fog, she did not receive the usual warning

AFRICAN WIZARD

THE LITTLE INSECT-HUNTER AND ITS ASTONISHING POWERS

For many hundreds of years the African chameleon has aroused discussion and amazement. The Greek philosopher Aristotle described and marvelled at the chameleon 2,300 years ago, and the marvel has grown no less with the passing centuries.

The chameleon is a lizard, and as such feeds on insects. Although it occasionally gets to the ground, its true home is in the outer layers of shrubs and trees, among the twigs and leaves. These circumstances give the complete clue to the chameleon's amazing make-up. Every one of its peculiarities serves to make the creature a more efficient insect-catcher, or to live more easily in its surroundings.

Its grip on twigs and branches, for instance, is very strong, through the unusual formation of its feet. It is not a matter of balance, as with most other tree dwellers. The toes of the chameleon's foot are opposed like a set of pincers, two on one side, and three on the other, so that they may be clasped round the twig.

Anger or fright, however, produce a sudden and astonishing change. The chameleon swells until it appears twice its ordinary size. Its back is arched, the head shields are raised, the yellow throat pouch is puffed out, the skin becomes black in colour. The chameleon opens its jaws and hisses furiously, making snapping lunges at its enemy. This alarming display is very effective in frightening the enemy off, although it is only a masterly bluff. In spite of the threatening jaws, the chameleon is incapable of delivering even a painful nip. Its teeth are hardly more than bony ridges, and cannot inflict much injury. The wide mouth, very big for the size of the reptile, is more adapted for engulfing insects than for biting.

The tongue is the instrument with which food is brought to the mouth, and is a marvel in itself. The chameleon stretches forward, taking one or two stealthy steps if needed to get within tongue range, which is about equal to the chameleon's own length (roughly 6 ins. in the case of the common chameleon, *C. dilepis*, of the Transvaal and Rhodesia). When all is set for the strike the soft skin under the chameleon's lower jaw swells a little. Next a glistening, greyish blob like a piece of damp chewing gum protrudes slowly from between the lips—a ¼-inch, a ½-inch, then a moment's hesitation, then the whole tongue, suddenly turgid and stiff, shoots forward like a length of stretched elastic to strike squarely on its mark.

The main length of the tongue is a thin muscular tube swelling to a club-shaped tip. The face of this tip is slightly sticky. A moment after the tongue strikes its object the tube loses its rigidity, collapses and shrinks back, pulling the insect into the chameleon's mouth by means of the adhesive tip.

The rapidity with which the chameleon can change colour and the variety of changes it uses have always been the most obvious and fascinating of this creature's attributes and the most liable to exaggeration. It is not true that a chameleon can imitate any colour at will, nor is there any fact in the old story that it will burst with the effort if placed on a Scottish tartan. Colour variation according to background is a common phenomenon among fish and reptiles. Frogs and lizards produce many instances. The chameleon, however, is by far the most versatile and quick. In darkness the creature becomes a pale primrose yellow. In the light it may pass through a variety of greens, yellows and browns, to blackness, with certain pattern markings of grey, white and yellow. Emotional stimuli, such as fear or anger, can also effect colour changes.

In warm, damp weather the fat-tailed female, heavy with eggs, may be surprised prowling restlessly among fallen leaves and rotting rubbish looking for a place to deposit them. She is not easily satisfied. She lays her eggs and leaves them, but at least she expends care in seeing them carefully laid. With her mouth and horny head she scratches a narrow burrow, pushing up the loose dirt behind with her splayed feet. Without pause she scrapes and digs until she is almost out of sight, then reverses and begins to lay. Eight to ten white, parchment-shelled eggs about ½-an-inch long are placed side by side in a layer at the bottom of the hole. The chameleon hauls herself up to the top, pushes some of the loose earth back, and crawls in again to tramp it down with her fore-feet. Once more reversing, she lays a second layer, and treats it likewise; then perhaps a third and fourth and even fifth layer, until she has got rid of her forty to fifty eggs. She firms the earth over them with slow deliberate steps, and tidies up all the loose material. She brings rubbish and spreads it around until the work is completely hidden. By now she has been working perhaps ten hours without a pause. She is thin and hungry, a shadow of her previous fat and satisfied self. With a final look, she turns her back on the place and forgets about it for ever. She staggers off to rest and eat.

A CHAMELEON STALKING ITS INSECT PREY: The chameleon will advance until within tongue-range of its victim. The big eyes are focussed intently on the insect

ACHIEVING A NEW LOOK: This rare photograph shows a chameleon shedding its old skin. The proverbial ability of the chameleon to change its colour is not due to the colour of the environment, but is partly reflex, in response to emotional stimuli, and partly controlled through the eye; changes in the intensity of light, change of temperature and emotion produce marked and characteristic colour changes. The normal colour of the common chameleon may be grey-green with many small dark specks and with pale-brown patches on the sides of the body. In the dark the colour fades to a cream colour with irregular yellow spots, but sunlight causes the whole animal to darken

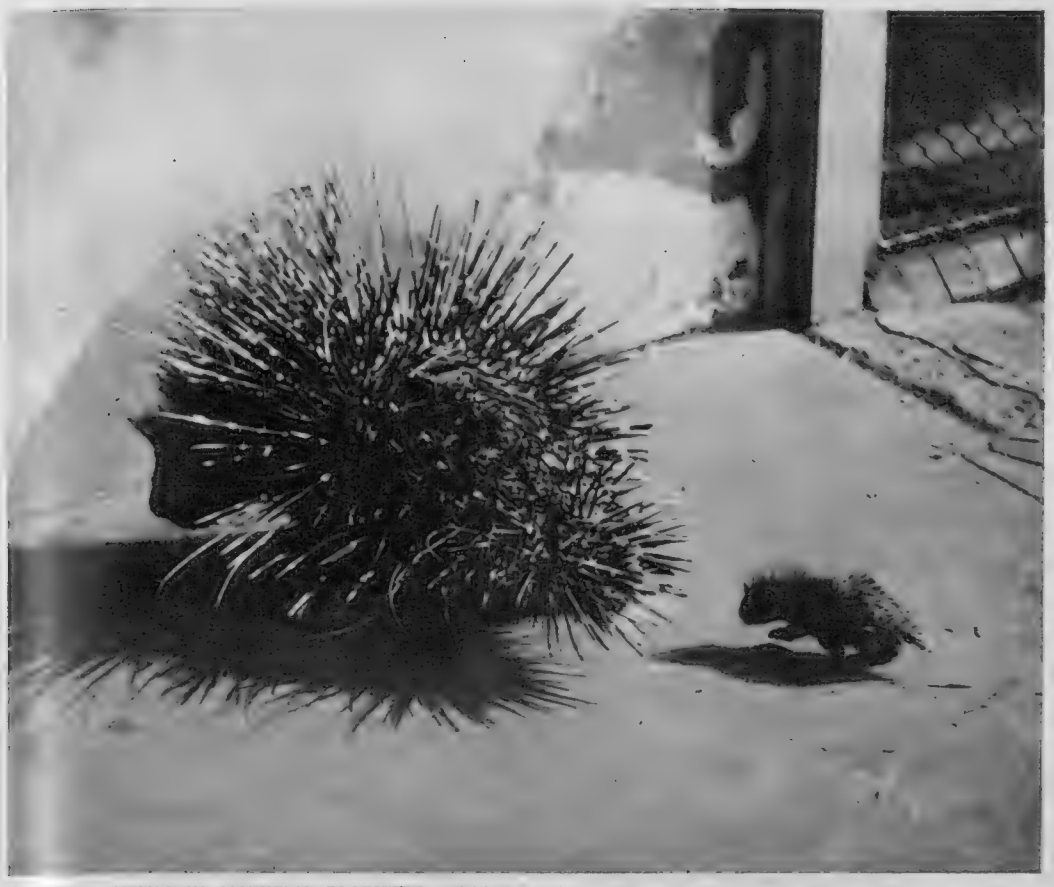
NOW THE CHAMELEON IS READY TO DEMOLISH ITS INSECT PREY: Having advanced into tongue range and having secured a firm foothold, the reptile is ready to strike. Then the soft skin under the lower jaw swells a little, and next a glistening, greyish blob protrudes slowly between the lips. In a moment the whole tongue will shoot forward

THE CHAMELEON'S TONGUE SHOOTS FORWARD AND STRIKES SQUARELY ON THE MARK, AFTERWARDS BEING RAPIDLY WITHDRAWN, THE LUCKLESS INSECT ADHERING TO THE STICKY END: The main length of the tongue consists of a thin tube swelling to a club-shaped tip. If the chameleon makes a false strike it has no difficulty in loosening its hold

A CHAMELEON ON OPEN GROUND: The reptile is seldom seen in such terrain, its true home being the outer layers of shrubs and trees. Usually very slow in its movements, it can, when alarmed, move with long strides

A CHAMELEON AND ITS EGGS: Forty to fifty eggs are buried by the female, and they are left to be incubated by the sun. The eggs, about half-an-inch long, are white, and they are provided with a parchment-like shell

IN THE REALMS OF NATURE
AND THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

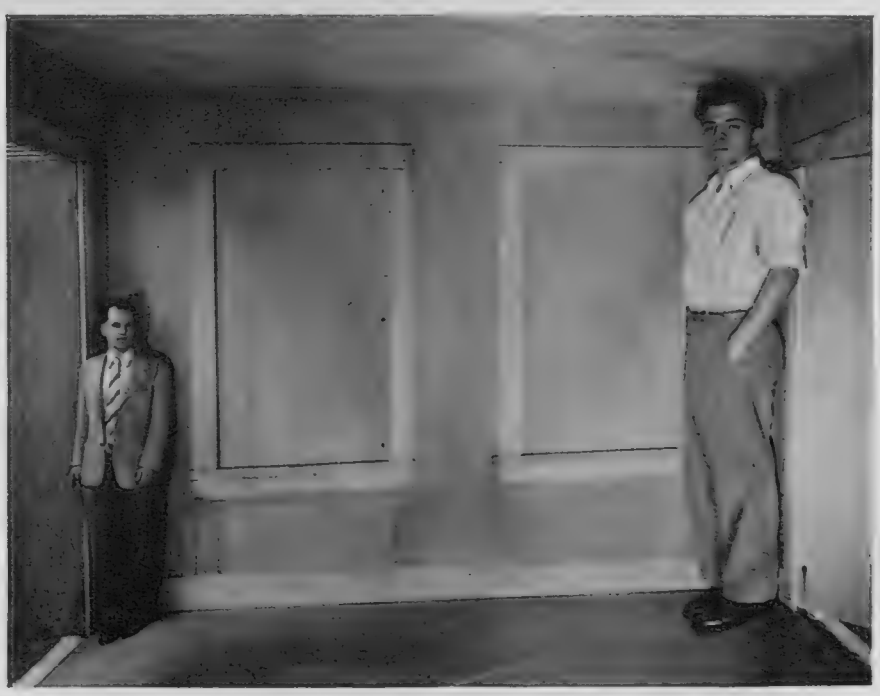


PRANCING ABOUT IN MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS: This one-day-old crested porcupine from Kenya was born recently in London Zoo, and before very long it was out in the warm October sunshine enjoying itself to the full. When mother gets angry she is inclined to go backwards against her adversary

THE PLANT WHICH CURES ARTHRITIS: Dr. H. L. Lyon, of the Experimental Station of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, examining a species of *Stophanthus sarmentosus*. The seed of this African plant is a potentially unlimited source of raw material for cortisone, the rare chemical that promises freedom from pain for millions of present-day sufferers from arthritis. Sex hormones, another panacea for arthritis also belong to the chemical family of steroids of which cortisone is the most prominent member

A BRAINLESS FROG LEAPS FORWARD WITH PERFECT MUSCULAR CO-ORDINATION: This frog had the entire top of its head removed, including most of the cerebellum, which is associated with pain and any form of conscious reaction, particularly in matters appertaining to the body's balance. Yet when the frog was pricked with a needle it leapt forward with perfect muscular balance. The picture was made with a camera shutter operating at one 10,000th of a second, and was shown recently in an American photographic exhibition

RESEARCHES AT BIKINI ARE STILL PURSUED IN THE WAKE OF THE ATOM BOMB EXPLOSION: Dr. Lauren R. Donaldson, Director of Scientific Surveys at Bikini Atoll, putting fish into a sack during recent experiments in radiation. The Professor from the University of Washington reports that parts of the area round the atoll are still markedly radio-active from the atom bomb



GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIAN—OPTICAL ILLUSIONS FROM THE UNITED STATES: Psychologists at Princeton University and the Hanover Institute at Hanover, New Hampshire, demonstrated recently experiments in this unique laboratory designed for the study of the processes of perception, which they regard as a basic key to human behaviour. These tests make one man appear a giant and the other a dwarf, although both are actually the same height. When the men changed places the illusion was reversed. The illusion is produced by a distort room, which appears rectangular but is not, and which has a slanting floor. The man on the left in each picture is about 16 ft. away from the camera and the man on the right about 8 ft. away

PARACHUTE TROOPS RUSH INTO ACTION AFTER DISEMBARKING FROM A HASTINGS TRANSPORT : Thirty-two men, fully armed and equipped, emerged from the four-engined transport during the display of air support, at Netheravon, Wilts, by No. 38 Group Royal Air Force. The Hastings was shown in three distinct roles: as a troop-carrier, as a supply aircraft dropping twenty 300-lb. containers, and as a glider-towing craft. One commentator, Lieut.-General H. G. Martin, has since declared that the Hastings is faulty in design, its side doors, high above the ground, being ill-adapted to loading and unloading

EXAMINING THE PARATECHNICON : Officers inspecting the new heavy equipment container. The container, designed on aerodynamic principles, fits as a blister to the belly of the air transport aircraft. It has a payload of 6,000 lb. and is brought to earth with the aid of eight 42-ft. parachutes. As it falls, the bottom of the container opens two flaps in order to expose three cylindrical shock-absorbers

DEMONSTRATING AN AIR-SEA RESCUE OPERATION : A Hoverfly hovers above the ocean (represented here by Wiltshire countryside) and picks up a stranded pilot, who climbs to the cockpit by a rope ladder

JEEPS AND GUNS DROPPED BY PARATECHNICON

The New Heavy Equipment Container is Brought to Earth by Eight Parachutes at the Netheravon Exercises

PARATROOPS UNLOADING A JEEP AND A GUN FROM A HORSA GLIDER WHICH HAD ITSELF BEEN TOWED TO THE BATTLE AREA BY A HASTINGS TRANSPORT : The moment the gli[der] opened outwards and in a matter of seconds the jeep, the ammunition limber and the gun were brought on to terra firma. Only a few more seconds were requ[ired] battle perimeter. If such equipment had been readily available at Arnhem the Panzer attacks would undoubtedly have been held at bay until ground reinforcem[ents]

THE PARATECHNICON GLIDES TO EARTH : Eight 42-ft. parachutes sustain the equipment container, which has a jeep and a gun inside it, during its descent over Netheravon, Wilts, at the display by No. 38 Group of the Royal Air Force. When this picture was taken the flaps had opened and the shock-absorbers at the base of the paratechnicon had become visible. It is now hoped to develop paratechnicons for dropping gun crews as well as arms, ammunition, and equipment

ouched down, the pilot's cockpit to get the gun on its way to the had reached the scene of action

What Lee and Jackson did at the Second Manassas by hard foot-slogging and Field-Marshal Alexander sought to do at Salerno, can now be achieved by the miracle of air transport support. The strategical conception of getting there first with the most men and equipment has been translated into tactical action by No. 38 Group of the Royal Air Force, whose recent display at Netheravon, Wilts, aroused the greatest interest. The outstanding event in the display was the dropping of paratechnicons each containing a gun and a jeep. The paratechnicon allows the entire payload of a transport aircraft to be dropped without dispersion. As the paratechnicon glides to earth beneath its eight parachutes three cylindrical shock-absorbers are revealed by the automatic opening of hinged flaps. When the paratechnicon hits the ground the air in the pneumatic shock-absorbers bursts its way through small ports and the absorbers gently deflate. At the same time the eight parachutes are automatically cut adrift. The demonstration of the paratechnicon at Netheravon was a great success, going without a hitch. Spectators also saw the Hastings transport in three roles, and there was some criticism of its powers as a trooper.

Other items of interest at the Netheravon display were a mass descent of parachutists from Dakotas; the dropping of 300-lb. containers by a Valetta, the military version of the Viking, which is replacing the Dakota as our medium transport aircraft, and a helicopter demonstration by a Hoverfly used on air-sea rescue to pick up the occupant of a dinghy.

FROM LONDON AND THE COUNTIES

A Survey of the Home News in Pictures

BALLET DANCERS ON PARADE: Fourteen members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company were photographed on the tarmac at London Airport, in front of one of the two B.O.A.C. Constellation Speedbirds which transported them across the Atlantic for their ten-weeks tour of America and Canada. The tour began at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, last week. The dancers wore clothes made by leading British fashion houses, which they will show throughout the tour

AN "OLDER-THAN-ITS-OWNERS" CAR RETURNS FROM A CONTINENTAL TOUR: Chalked on its side are the names of some of the towns which were visited. Police had to clear the way when two Oxford undergraduates arrived in London after a month's tour of Europe. In their twenty-four-year-old car the men, both aged twenty-three, had covered more than 2,000 miles and crossed three passes, at a total cost of £40 each. Their ancient car is a 1925 Hotchkiss-engined Morris Cowley four-seater tourer, which they "bought from an inebriated sailor for £20." It is capable of 55 miles an hour, if violent swerves due to uncertain steering can be controlled. Devaluation hit them badly. They had to sell small things to continue, and could not afford to buy razor blades. The undergraduates, John Day, of Birmingham, and Cedric Birkenshaw, of Kensington, both ex-Servicemen, said it was the best holiday they had had, and that they had been offered £50 for their "old bus"

A GOODS TRAIN FALLS FROM A VIADUCT: The driver and fireman were killed when their engine plunged 40 ft. to the ground below Oakley Viaduct, near Sharnbrooke, in Bedfordshire. Several wagons loaded with coal followed the engine through the 18-in.-thick parapet, which was smashed for 30 yards. The engine, which was hauling a freight train, ran into the back of a stationary goods train, before smashing through the parapet of the viaduct to fall to the meadow below. The driver, J. Bailey, of Wellingborough, and the fireman, C. Richards, also of Wellingborough, were killed, and rescue squads worked for several hours to clear the wreckage and the tons of coal under which the engine was buried

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH WATCHES A DISPLAY OF YOGA EXERCISES: Mr. Aneurin Bevan attended the reception at India House given by Mr. Krishna Menon, India's High Commissioner in London, to members of the Diplomatic Corps. A team of twenty-five Yoga experts gave the display, which provided unusual entertainment during the reception. On Mr. Bevan's right are the High Commissioner for Eire; Madame Massigli; and Mr. Chang Tien-Hsi and his wife

COUNCIL HOUSES AT £3 3s. A WEEK: The Kensington Council Housing Estate in Rackham Street and Becher Street, where rents will range from £1 0s. 10d. for a one-roomed flat to £3 3s. 1d. for a five-roomed house. The rents include heating, hot water and general rates. The twelve Socialist members of the Council, under their leader, Alderman Frank Carter, led the opposition to the highest-priced council flats and houses in London. The rents, however, were approved by a 40 to 14 votes majority after a three-hour debate. Alderman R. C. Jenkins, housing committee chairman, said that they had built the finest flats in London. "This is the result of an idealistic policy in housing," he said. "If we can't charge this rent, many of our amenities incorporated in the present scheme, will have to be cut out in future schemes

COMMUNISTS AND FASCISTS AGREE—TO PROTEST AGAINST THE THREE-MONTHS BAN, PROHIBITING POLITICAL PROCESSIONS IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA: *Left*—**Communists stage their demonstration in Stepney. Mr. Philip Piratin, the Member for Mile End, addresses supporters of Stepney Borough Communist Party.** *On right*—**Less than a mile away Sir Oswald Mosley's Union Movement holds its protest meeting against the ban. The man on top of the lorry is tearing up a copy of the "Daily Worker"**

THE ELECTION OF THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: Sir Frederick Rowland (right), the Lord Mayor-Elect, with the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir George Aylwen, follow the mace and sword-bearers on their way to the Guildhall. The liverymen of the Guilds of the City of London met on Michaelmas Day to decide upon the Lord Mayor-Elect, who will take office as Lord Mayor on November 9. After going in state to the Church of St. Margaret Lothbury, the Lord Mayor presided over a Common Hall, which the Serjeant-at-Arms opened by ordering all those not of the livery to leave on pain of imprisonment. The Common Serjeant, acting on behalf of the Sheriffs, then submitted the names of the qualified candidates. He said that Sir Leslie Boyce was not offering himself on medical advice and that Mr. Denys Lowson asked the consent of the livery to stand down this year. He then put the name of Sir Frederick Rowland, which was met with cries of "all"

MR. ATTLEE GREETS THE CREW OF THE "NIFTY FIFTY" B-50 AT MARHAM AERODROME, NORFOLK: The Prime Minister was visiting the American 43rd Bombardment Group, which is stationed at Marham. On the left is Major-General Leon W. Johnson, Commander of the Third Air Division, U.S.A.F. On the same day, Mr. Attlee visited Horsham St. Faith Aerodrome, near Norwich, to see a typical R.A.F. Fighter Station. The Premier saw various phases of work and play on the station and a fly-past of jet fighters at 600 m.p.h.

SUNFLOWERS FOR THE MINISTRY OF FOOD: A fine crop in full bloom on a farm at Chenies, Buckinghamshire. Farmers in nearly a dozen counties are now growing sunflowers as a crop, and a "pilot factory" for processing the seeds, just opened in Monmouthshire, is to go into production this year. Breakfast foods, margarine, salad oils, cooking oils and sweets will eventually be among the products, but, for the time being, the chief product will be oil, crushed from the seed kernels. Nearly all the output will be taken by the Ministry of Food to make margarine. A sweet similar to roasted almonds can also be made from sunflower kernels. Farmers are finding that they can grow sunflowers very successfully in this country, yields per acre being twice as high as in countries where sunflowers are already grown commercially. The "pilot factory" will examine the possibility of producing sunflower honey (said to be better flavoured than heather honey); and the yellow dye extracted from the petals

SUNFLOWER-HEADS READY FOR THE MACHINE SHOP: This great pile of sunflower-heads will eventually find its way to the "pilot factory"

COULD MEAT RATIONING BE ABOLISHED?

An Examination of Future Prospects. By CHARLES GRAVES

STRIKE stops two meat ships. Cabinet to reject meat price demands. Fresh-meat ban in London.

Every day the public is tantalised by these and similar headings in the national Press, particularly those 250,000 members of the public who visited the Continent this year and found that not only had meat been derationed in France, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland but that wherever they have gone they have been offered huge plates of ham, whether fresh or smoked, all the way from Boulogne to Bologna. (What many people cannot understand is why there are not more pigs reared in this country. The official answer is, of course, that special foodstuffs would have to be imported and that this costs dollars. But how is it that Italy and France, both of whose currencies are far more depreciated than the £, are able to raise such vast herds?)

Mr. Strachey in a recent broadcast said: "Of course, when you are on holiday you don't pay much attention to the bill." That may be true of a Cabinet Minister on business, with his business man's allowance, but it is scarcely the case when it comes to the average visitor, who has to watch every franc or lira of his precious £50. Mr. Strachey also pointed out in his speech that the Italians eat only one-fifth of the amount of meat eaten in England. The answer to this is, of course, very simple. The average Italian peasant is not accustomed to eating meat and he would be just about as grateful for a larger quantity of steaks as an English farm labourer would be if he was suddenly presented with a ration of 3 lb. of spaghetti or macaroni each week.

The national diet is, or should be, a matter of habit and climate, the climate being responsible for the habit. People who live in hot countries naturally do not eat vast quantities of meat or they would come out in boils and blains. Similarly, the inhabitants of cold countries, or comparatively cold countries, need the body-building properties of meat to cope with their normal working conditions.

Great Britain has been a nation of meat-eaters ever since Boadicea. In Elizabethan times it was recorded that workmen lived on a great variety of meats, including mutton, veal, lamb, brawn and bacon. In the eighteenth century, with the development of root crops, it was no longer necessary to kill off all except the best cattle when winter approached. With the industrial revolution the population increased enormously, and canned meat foods made their first appearance in the 1860's. It was still impossible for Great Britain to produce enough meat for her large population and live cattle were imported for slaughter. By 1870 the average home production of meat amounted to 1,000,000 tons and the imported supplies had grown to over half that figure. Even this was not enough, and we began to import frozen and chilled meats first from the United States, secondly from Australia, and thirdly from New Zealand simultaneously with the Argentine. At which point the difference between frozen and chilled meat must be made clear.

Frozen meat arrives literally frozen and has to be thawed out before it is fit to eat. The two processes of frosting and defrosting unfortunately affect the fibre of the meat, which loses some of its goodness thereby. To-day, owing to the necessarily cumbrous manipulations of the Ministry of Food, imported meat has to be frozen because it can last longer in store while various forms are being filled in and the creaking machinery is put into action. Chilled meat arrives at a temperature of 31 degrees (as compared with 16 degrees), this being cold enough to stop the food going bad quickly, but not cold enough to lose any of the essential goodness. (Chilled beef from overseas was frequently on sale within four weeks of the animal being slaughtered.)

On an average each member of the public in pre-war Britain consumed 132 lb. of meat annually, compared with 86 lb. of meat *and* bacon to-day; and yet there is no noticeable world shortage of meat. That is to say, world meat production is only 4 per cent. less than pre-war. Of our present-day ration 6½d. worth is home-killed, 5½d. worth comes from New Zealand and Australia; and the remainder comes primarily from the Argentine and Uruguay, with driblets from Chile, Denmark and Holland. Bacon, by the by, does not officially count as meat.

Before the war 1,200 importers and wholesalers filled 49,000 butchers' shops in Great Britain with the best and cheapest meat in the world. A housewife could buy 4 lb. of good meat for 1s. 4d., the price of our present 12-oz. ration. The task of catering for nearly 50,000,000 individual British palates was left to men who knew their job and were free to get on with it. In those days a woman went to her butcher's, bought according to her choice and, if dissatisfied, went to another butcher. Her choice influenced the retailer, who influenced the wholesaler, who influenced the importer, who influenced the cattle-breeder.

The buying, preparation, shipment, marketing, distribution and retailing of meat was a highly technical business. For example, the cotton workers in Lancashire—men and women dealing with greasy raw materials—have always preferred lean meat. Miners have always preferred fat meat. Each shipper catered for specialised markets, demanding assortments as to price, quality, weight, age and the degree of fatness of the meat. Skilled cattle-buyers constantly visited the producers to assure continuity of supplies of live cattle of the type ultimately required. Argentine chilled beef was subjected to a searching veterinary examination both before shipment and on arrival. Frozen beef was seldom seen in the butchers' shops—it was prime chilled beef which the customers wanted, which meant that the shippers had to provide it, irrespective of the extra cost. Competition was keen and only very narrow margins of profit were possible. To-day the cattle-breeder specialises in weight rather than quality. He has no anxiety about having to dispose of his surplus at a discount because all his exportable surplus is bought.

During World War II. the Government was compelled to reduce the importation of meat to its crudest form to make sure that everybody had their fair share irrespective of blitzes and enemy submarines. The British butchers agreed to forego the system whereby they could select the meat they knew their customers would require. To-day they must still take what they are given. They have no freedom of choice. (The Ministry of Food has for years been buying old ewes in the Argentine which the Argentino was formerly glad to sell at 1d. per lb. for tallow. When it comes here it is part of the ration.)

It is interesting to compare meat rationing during and after World War I and World War II. In December 1917 there was a restriction on retail sales of meat, and in January 1918 a restriction on the slaughter of livestock. But it was not until April 1918 that meat rationing was introduced. What is more, controls on meat began to be removed as early as March 1920, when home-killed pork was decontrolled. This was followed by the decontrol of livestock and all home-killed meat in July 1920. By March 1921 all the remaining controls had been withdrawn. In World War II carcase meat rationing began in March 1940 at the rate of 1s. 10d. worth of meat for adults. At the beginning of 1941 the ration was reduced to 1s. 2d. exclusive of offal, at which figure it remained until the summer of 1946, when it was increased to 1s. 4d. for a year. In September 1947 it was reduced to 1s., and at one period this year the ration sank as low as 8d. per week. The war ended four years ago. What is upsetting the meat industry in this country is that there is a danger of not only the present wartime system being continued, but of its being made even more rigid. In *Labour Believes in Britain* it is stated that "it would be folly to go back to 1939 and try to re-create the pre-war organisation—the only sensible course is to make permanent the present system."

The meat importers beg to differ. Purchases of meat conducted by the Ministry of Food are on a Government-to-Government basis. When it is a case of negotiation with one of the Dominions the loyalty of Australia and New Zealand, for example, ensures a fair price. When it is a case of the British Government versus the Argentine Government, things are very different. Any argument over price and quality at once becomes an international issue with the Diplomatic Corps, the Bank of England and the Cabinet all involved. If handled by private enterprise it would be merely an argument between individual firms of Argentine exporters and British importers. Thus there were weeks of negotiations with frequent impasses and much public recrimination before the British Government made that agreement with the Argentine in 1946 when it undertook to buy during the following four years the greater part of the Argentine's exportable surplus of beef at a price nearly 50 per cent. higher than before the war. The impassive observer could scarcely blame the Argentinos if Great Britain handed them on a plate a comic-opera agreement which enabled them to offer their best meat to other buyers like Belgium and ship us only what nobody wanted. All that a buyer from the Continent visiting the Argentine needs do even now is to offer a trifle more to get the pick of the meat available. That also applies with buyers in Ireland.

A further point made by the meat industry is that the Ministry of Food has a staff of 41,000 people, all of whom have to be supported by the taxpayer, whereas if buying of meat once again reverted to private enterprise none of the trading losses would fall on the public. As it is, more than £2,000,000 was lost in Food Ministry purchases of home-killed meat in 1948 owing to incorrect estimates and the classification of heifers as cows.

There is no doubt that plentiful, cheap, good quality meat before the war was made available through the enterprise and initiative and long experience of those engaged in the trade. Is it possible for them to improve the wretched, poor-quality meat-ration of to-day? According to leading members of the Imported Meat Trade Association to whom I have spoken, they claim they could get more meat into our shops in six months and that within two years meat rationing could be abolished altogether—always with the proviso that the Argentine does not cut off its nose to spite its face by refusing extra supplies. As it is, the increase of meat-eating in the Argentine amounts to-day to practically forcible feeding among the peasants, and by now, of course, they may have an acquired taste for it. This very big "if" is no doubt responsible for the continued policy of the Government in this matter.

What would happen if private enterprise was allowed a free hand in buying and selecting meat? Could meat rationing really be abolished in two years and, if so, would the result be the same as that after sweet rationing was abolished? Optimists like to think that the common sense of the wartime Government in refusing to ration coffee, as a result of which all coffee-drinkers had as much as they wanted during the war (which would certainly not have been the case if coffee had been rationed) might be duplicated over the matter of meat.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IS GREETED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON—SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR GEORGE AYLWEN AT THE MANSION HOUSE RECEPTION WHICH PRECEDED THE DINNER TO THE BANKERS AND MERCHANTS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: Sir Stafford delivered the main speech of the evening, issuing a warning that inflationary pressure is tending to build up again. Sir Stafford declared that steps must be taken as early as possible to renew the effectiveness of our disinflationary policy. He indicated that these measures might include a curtailment in the development of our social services

SCOTLAND AT WORK AND PLAY

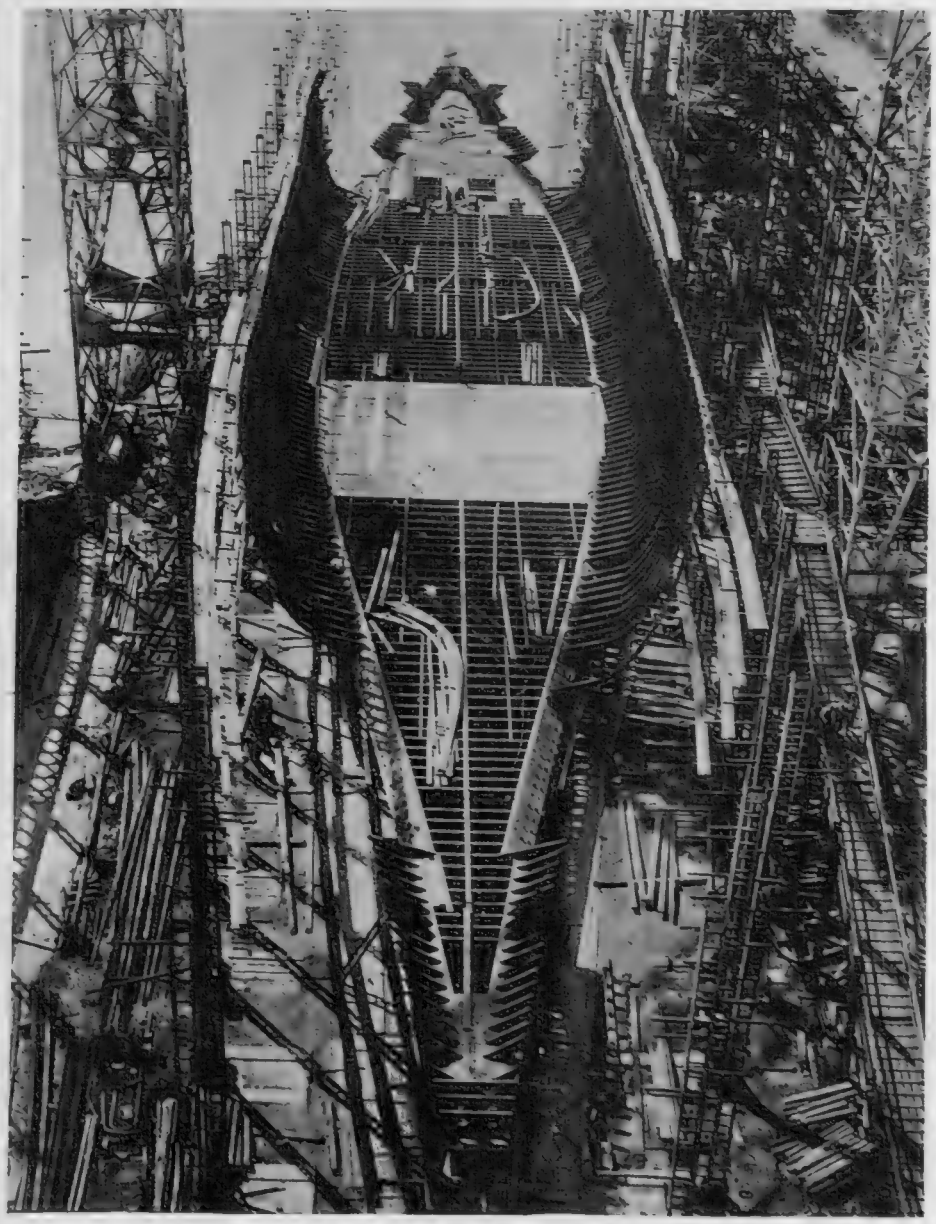
The New Bridge Over the Tummel at Pitlochry : *Kenya* on the Stocks : Fishing on the Ruel

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TUMMEL AT PITLOCHRY : The Aldour Bridge, a miniature of the great concrete spans of Waterloo Bridge, takes the place of the Old Clunie Bridge which is being submerged under the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's scheme for harnessing the River Tummel. In the background of this picture is the Atholl Palace Hotel, so well known to summer visitors in Pitlochry

THE ALDOUR BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TUMMEL : A close-up of the handsome new structure which, in miniature, bears such a striking resemblance to Waterloo Bridge. The three-span structure of reinforced concrete is 310 ft. long. The Tummel scheme is the most ambitious of the twenty-four schemes projected by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. It involves the building of three bridges. The river is being dammed at Clunie, and the waters are being carried two miles via a tunnel bored in Cammoch Hill

FISHING IN THE WATERS OF THE RIVER RUEL : This pleasant northern stream runs into the Kyles of Bute. It rises in the mountains of Cowall

A MOTORIST'S NIGHTMARE ON A WET DAY : Cars negotiating the notorious Devil's Elbow on the road from Braemar to Perth. During bad weather R.A.C. and A.A. patrols keep a more or less constant watch on these hairpin bends, ever ready to lend a hand to motorists in distress



A SHIP TAKES SHAPE IN THE CLYDESIDE YARDS : This remarkable overhead picture shows the skeleton framework of the British India Company's "Kenya" under construction at Glasgow. The keel of the "Kenya" was laid last January. This 15,000-ton liner is being built for the East African mail and passenger service. The "Kenya," and her sister-ship "Uganda," are designed to carry 274 passengers first-class and tourist

New Lamps and Old

MANNERS IN TRANSITION

Under the New Charter of Democracy By JOHN GORE

GOOD MANNERS.—One of the time-honoured recreations of crusty old age is to comment unfavourably on the "manners of the rising generation." Myself, I feel no justification at all for a sweeping condemnation. The assumption has always been that good manners are a civilising influence, a sweet of civilised existence at its heyday. I am not sure that English social history would bear out these premises. Graceful, spacious living in England reached its heyday in the age of privilege. It concerned the few and the age of privilege flourished and flowered most notably between (I suppose) 1780 and 1880. It had its last kick in the Edwardian Age and ended with 1914. In that century there lived many graceful figures with beautiful manners, but it would be difficult for a truthful historian to assert that those graces were widespread in a nation of fiercely independent and truculent men, who would stand no nonsense from Government or from foreign aggressors, and heated their blood on a surfeit of beef and beer.

Never, I suppose, in our history was brutality more rife and insolence more ruthless in Parliament, in literary criticism, on hustings and tubs, in the Press, and even in the most polite drawing-rooms in the relations of some masters with their servants. Never in the cliques of society was the standard of manners so horribly low or snubs and cold-shouldering so brutal offered to those outside some narrow set.

Good manners are certainly a sweet of civilised existence, but are no criterion of the golden age of a civilisation. Or, perhaps, in other words, there is no cast-iron definition of civilisation.

The Country Folk.—There was, at any rate up to the First World War, a marked difference in the characteristics and fashions of townsmen and countrymen. The countryfolk responded much more slowly to new ideas and new ways of life, and, indeed, for squire and peasant country life and habits altered remarkably little and by imperceptible stages during the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and even into the twentieth. But the townsman was for ever swept by currents of new ideas and fashions.

It is interesting, therefore, to recall a point made very clearly by Mr. Bryant in his *Years of Endurance*. In the darkest days of the struggle with revolutionary France, he stresses the "universal good breeding and courtly manners of the rustic population."

A Scots visitor (McRitchie) noted: "In passing along the public roads in this country one cannot help remarking the good breeding of the people, displayed even in their children. You never meet a country person here, young or old, but salutes you with a bow or a curtsey and a 'good morrow.'"

That is one man's experience, perhaps one man's luck. But, of course, there is plenty more evidence. The advanced Socialist would no doubt, if he accepted the evidence, account for it as slavery and serfdom under aristocratic Government, central and local. The "courtly peasant" of that day was uneducated, insecure, dependent, friendless, and so on. The bow and curtsey were "badges of his tribe."

Since then, in an even swifter tempo, the extinction of a privileged class, public education, security, welfare and the rights of collective bargaining have removed much of the force of those arguments, and to this extent, that it is perhaps not altogether specious to suggest that *res angusta domi*, adversity, may be a factor in creating courtly manners.

Without referring to what seems now to me a gradual decline in country manners through the Edwardian Age to the present day, it is certainly fair to record the opinion that at the present moment the manners of the youth of the upper class compare outwardly very favourably with those of young people who enjoy free education. The public schoolboy and his sister to-day certainly compare very favourably with my contemporaries when I was emerging into manhood. In the Edwardian era, we were terribly spoilt by an excess of entertainment, and our manners suffered. We were not grateful for our advantages and privileges, we took all for granted, and followed the fashions of clique-pride and even class-consciousness. How different to-day when every young public schoolboy addresses his elders as "Sir" and almost every boy or girl, however popular and sought-after, finds time to write a charming "'Collins" of thanks for a scratch dinner or invitation to a small dance.

A Transition Period.—It is my firm belief that the heart of youth (of all our youth) is broadly sound and healthy to-day, but it is impossible not to be struck by the present difference between the public and the council-schoolboy and his sister in expressing that soundness by a conventional show of manners. That this difference is temporary only, I am sure. It is a transition period in which the whole lesson of the social revolution has not been absorbed, the vital lesson of civilisation that humility of heart and conventional good manners are the sure sign of worth or even of greatness, and that aggressiveness is as sure a proof of inferiority.

It is as if teachers and learners alike of the new charter of Democracy concentrated on the importance of resisting patronage in any form, deference in any form whether due to age, sex or status. That is a very early, and I hope temporary, stage, but certain it is that it is the stage now attained in many a village community. Many of the most charming, sound and even helpful village boys and girls are to-day in that transition stage. They cannot bring themselves to the indignity of "sirring" their elders, even their employers. They would be risking their new dignity and equality if they were to yield up their rightfully occupied seat at a village cricket match to age or sex. It is purely a matter of convention with them—for their hearts are sound, their instincts right, their natures kindly and helpful. It is simply that the great lesson is but half-learned. The revolution which has improved the manners of one class of youth has not yet had time to restore the traditional good manners of another, which are still in the stage of evolution when such polite exercises in a higher civilisation are viewed with distrust as the enemy of the new equality now established in our midst.

I feel no doubt that the insensate outrages which some of the public commit in the grounds and parks of private estates, thrown open to them for their enjoyment, and for their cultural enlightenment, are all the result of this same half-learned lesson, and the widespread destruction of road-signs, bus shelters and seats and of private property no less so.

I often watch cricket in my own village, accompanied sometimes by my wife or a daughter. We stand behind the benches crowded with young boys—so sound at heart—(who, alas! prefer too often to watch than to play this peculiar, leisurely but inimitable game), and I do not think that in the past three summers on any single occasion has it ever occurred to a single one of those youths to offer to move up, let alone to offer his seat, to a lady of middle age. Is this baseness and ill-nature? Not a bit of it. It is done in all innocence or, rather, ignorance by the soundest at heart. The lesson of good manners has been deliberately removed from the new syllabus. There seems to be little doubt about that. Indeed, village mothers (when they can find time to instruct their own offspring, which is not often) and village teachers have very strong prejudices concerning manners.

Here are some typical words of guidance which have come to my ears, recently offered by mothers and teachers to village youth. "Take off your hat to ladies who are your mother's *friends*, but to none else." "There are only two ladies in this village; the rest are too busy trying to be ladies." "Only say 'Good morning, Mrs. Jones' if *she* says 'Good morning, *Tommy*'; otherwise just answer ''Morning.'"

But no doubt good manners will come in again when teachers and parents are more used to the benefits won by the revolution, when "equality" is rather less self-conscious and combative in its mien.

"THE ANIMALS WENT IN TWO BY TWO"—THE THIRD ANNUAL "NOAH'S ARK" SERVICE AT HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HEREFORD: All types of animals, birds and fishes were led and taken into church for the service which has been dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, patron Saint of Animals, whose feast day was to occur during the following week. The service was organised by the Rev. Leland Snell, vicar, rural dean and county secretary of the R.S.P.C.A. The pets were formed into a procession for the entry into church and were led by sixty-five-year-old Rev. Francis Dance, of St. Francis Church, Hereford, mounted on a chestnut hunter. The Dean of Hereford, Chairman of the city's R.S.P.C.A.'s branch, blessed the animals.

MICHAEL THE GOOSE HELPS THE VICAR IN HIS COLLECTING SESSION—A MICHAELMASTIDE STORY FROM BEDFORD: The Rev. H. E. Doggett was appealing for funds to build a vicarage for St. Michael's Church. Although Michael did not lay a golden egg, he did much to encourage passers-by to give a small donation. The twelve-hours collecting session took place during the church's Patronal Festival. Plans for the vicarage have been approved, and it is hoped to start work next year. Diocesan authorities have promised £3,000 towards its cost, but the parish intends over a period to contribute half this sum. For sixteen years the priest has had to live in rented rooms, and it is felt in the parish that it 's about time their vicar had a home of his own

PART OF A UNIQUE CHESS SET IN THE MAKING: These three figures, representing Hay, Earl of Erroll (a knight); Stuart Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland (a king); and the Laird of Moncrieffe (a knight) are included in the set of chessmen, each piece representing one of her ancestors, ordered by the Countess of Erroll, Hereditary High Constable of Scotland. The set, ordered from a shop in London, are being made for the Countess by Mr. R. Courtenay, artist and heraldic expert

IN HER HAND A KING: Some of the pieces in the chess set now being made in London for the Countess of Erroll. Each piece is an armed warrior. They represent the Lords of Erroll from 1174 to 1674

"THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER—the first since the war—will be published on November 17. It contains a number of fine reproductions in colour, the work of old masters and of leading present-day painters and illustrators. Special sections are devoted to flower paintings and to a selection of pictures from the new National Gallery of Sports and Pastimes at Hutchinson House. In the centre of the magazine is a reproduction of one of Pieter Bruegel's most celebrated pictures—"The Netherlands Proverbs." Stories and articles are contributed by Stella Gibbons and John Gore. Two stories by celebrated Victorian writers have been revived—*The Holly Tree*, by Charles Dickens, and *Angels' Music*, by Mrs. Henry Wood; and there is an illustrated section of the delightful amateur theatrical episode in Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*.

Copies of THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER *can be ordered through any railway bookstall or newsagent or from The Publisher,* THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, price 3s. By post, 3s. 4d., anywhere.*

A SCENE IN ACT I OF "THE OLYMPIANS," THE NEW OPERA BY ARTHUR BLISS WITH A LIBRETTO BY J. B. PRIESTLEY, WITH WHICH THE 1949-50 OPERA SEASON OPENED AT COVENT GARDEN: It is the first opera to have its première at Covent Garden since the war and the first new English opera to be presented by the Covent Garden Opera Trust. Left to right are: James Johnston as Hector (the principal tenor role); Howell Glynne as M. Lavatte; Kenneth Schon as Jupiter; David Franklin as Mars; Margherita Grandi as Diana; Thorsteinn Hannesson as Bacchus; Robert Helpmann as Mercury; and Moyra Fraser as Venus

UTSIDE M. LAVATTE'S HOUSE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "THE OLYMPIANS": The richest man in Berrasson ves a party to celebrate his daughter's engagement to an elderly nobleman, but Madeleine has fallen love with the young poet, Hector, who is staying at The Golden Duck Inn, near the town

"THE OLYMPIANS"

A New English Opera by Arthur Bliss with a Libretto by J. B. Priestley

The story of *The Olympians* is based on a legend that when men ceased to believe in the gods of Olympus, some of the gods became members of a troupe of strolling players. When the opera begins, a broken-down troupe of strolling players is staying at an inn near a small town in the South of France, in the year 1836. Once in every hundred years, on mid-summer eve, the gods-turned-players recover their divine powers, and this takes place while the rich man of the neighbourhood is giving a party to celebrate the engagement of his daughter (who is in love with a young poet) to an old nobleman. Diana leads some of the female guests away on a moonlight hunt; Mars takes some of the male guests as an armed troupe; and Venus and Bacchus lead the remainder in a Bacchanalian revel. Lavatte, enraged at the interruption of his party, defies Jupiter, who looses a thunderbolt at him. With dawn, the gods become strolling players again, but not before the sub-plot of Madeleine and her poet lover has been resolved.

A BEVY OF PRIESTLEYS: The librettist of "The Olympians" attended the première at Covent Garden with his wife (on Mr. Priestley's right) and his four daughters, Mrs. Wykeham-Barnes (Barbara Priestley); Mrs. de Hertog (Angela Priestley); Miss Rachel Priestley and, extreme right, Miss Sylvia Priestley

THE COMPOSER OF "THE OLYMPIANS": Mr. Arthur Bliss has written much music for films of recent years and his ballet music includes "Miracle in the Gorbals" and "Adam Zero." Mr. Priestley has said that although himself responsible for the dramatic plan, the composer had the deciding voice

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MAUGHAM

"A Writer's Notebook," Addendum to "The Summing Up," Reveals the Distinguished Novelist at Work

THERE can be no doubt but that the publication of Mr. Somerset Maugham's A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a literary event of the first importance. Whatever contemporary criticism may say of the content of his novels, short stories, plays and belles-lettres, it is unanimously agreed that, in his profession, Mr. Somerset Maugham is the greatest craftsman of his day. Readers of *The Summing Up* (to which *A Writer's Notebook* is, in a sense, an addendum) will not be surprised to be reminded that one of Mr. Maugham's qualities is his candour. Therefore, in taking the reader behind the scenes and, as it were, into his workshop, he deliberately lays bare all the steps in his development as a writer from the year 1892, when he first began to make notes. Nothing of interest in this development has been taken out of the jottings of these youthful years, and the portrait of the artist as a young man stands out clearly and makes no concession to the passage of time or the growth of experience and wisdom. "They are the expression," he says, "of a very young man's reaction to real life, or what he thought was such, and to liberty, after the sheltered and confined existence, perverted by fond fancies and the reading of novels, which was natural to a boy in the class in which I was born ; and they are the expression of his revolt from the ideas and conventions of the environment in which he had been brought up." Here is the realistic touch. "I have no wish to make myself out more sensible than I was. I was ignorant, ingenuous, enthusiastic and callow." Equally candid are the valedictory sentences : "Any ambition I may have had has long since been satisfied. I contend with none not because none is worth my strife, but because I have said my say and I am well pleased to let others occupy my small place in the world of letters." In the course of literary history the working notebooks of other great writers have, from time to time, been published. This volume surely takes its place among the more imperishable of these.

"The Devil, in the course of his intimate contacts with Liverpool, must, through more than a century and a half, have come to detest the name of Rathbone, but . . . it was left for Eleanor, the sixth link in that significant chain of reforming Rathbones, to ride out on distant quests in a world more disorderly than even her earliest known forebears had experienced." Mary Stocks' biography of her friend, ELEANOR RATHBONE (Gollancz. 21s.), is very much more than a personal record of experiences shared and talks remembered. It is in a restrained way the story of Miss Rathbone's life, and, more fully, the story of her political career which was identified throughout its length with reforms in her own city, throughout England, in the treatment of European refugees, in the question of Palestine, and with the immense question of India, in which the appended correspondence between herself and Pandit Nehru is particularly interesting.

CHAMPLAIN (Macdonald. 18s.) is a biography too, and the story of a man who was in his way a very great reformer, although he will always be known first as a colonist, and has often been called the father of Canada. He was born about 1567 and died on Christmas Day 1635. Within that period this man of "toughness, tenacity, foresight, courage," had established a great territorial kingdom in the New World and had governed it for France. Mr. Morris Bishop, his excellent biographer, writes not only of his great discoveries, of his twelve hazardous voyages, and of his courage in the forces of Henry of Navarre, but also of the Christian spirit that actuated him, and that sustained his gentleness, so extraordinary in those days of violence and bitter cruelty. When he died, the Red Indians not only mourned him ; they came down to Quebec with special presents to help his fellow Frenchmen dry their tears. A magnificent life, and admirably told here.

First published in 1936 and now in its fourth printing, VICTORIA OF ENGLAND (Faber. 12s. 6d.) has again been re-issued for the delectation of Miss Edith Sitwell's hundreds of admirers, and for the information and delight of many more. This portrait of a great Queen during whose lifetime, as the writer points out with a delicate accuracy, many "ameliorations of the human lot" had been brought about, remains a minor masterpiece.

BRICKS AND FLOWERS (Constable. 15s.) has all the freshness and immediacy of a life-story written in the first person. Even the dullest autobiography must be revealing, even if it is only revealing of dullness, and Mrs. Katherine Everett, now a lady of over eighty years old, has scarcely written a dull word in this chronicle of Victorian, Edwardian and Georgian life. Mrs. Everett spent her childhood in Ireland, where her father was spasmodically indulgent, and where the most the little girl could hope for from her tyrannical mother was indifference. As a young girl she visited relations who lived in almost fabulous grandeur in Leicestershire, and later, with other relations, lived in happy-go-lucky squalor in London, where she studied at the Slade School under Tonks. With marriage she was able to create both a life and a home for herself nearer to her own taste, and discovered at the same time an unsuspected talent for designing both houses and gardens. Another talent emerges from her autobiography, and that is one for effective description, and for witty summing-up. These are enchanting memoirs.

BOOK JACKETS OF MANY NATIONS : Some of the Scandinavian exhibits at the International Book Jacket Exhibition which was opened last week at the Victoria and Albert Museum. In order to obtain the best possible selection a direct approach was made to over 200 publishers, with the result that nearly 6,000 jackets were received and examined before the final selection was made. Each of the 450 jackets on view has been chosen as a first-class example of its type. India, Chile, Portugal and Israel are among the nineteen countries represented in this display

Our own times, such as they are, have been reflected in some of this week's best novels, although their moods, and even their settings, differ widely. Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's THE PHILISTINES (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is the most remarkable of these ; the story of a young and good-looking woman of considerable intelligence and wide reading, who marries a handsome and amiable man and finds herself sharing a house with him, his mother and his unmarried sister in a London suburb. One of the brilliant things about this story and its telling, beyond the piercing understanding with which the characters are drawn, is the balance in the author's treatment of suburban life itself. There is no "writing down" here, and no hysterical condemnations of narrow interests, or tiny ambitions. On the contrary, normality is all, whether it is in relation to a housewife, a popular café or a tennis club. I recommend this book to you warmly.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau's new novel, SON OF THE MORNING (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), takes the reader from 1916 to the present day in a wider sweep of time, and with a more diffuse method, but it is entertaining in its slightly overwhelming way. The principal character—for no one could call him the hero—is as nasty a piece of work as one could meet in life or fiction, but he has the advantage in a literary sense of being quite credible. In fact, I 'm not at all sure that I haven't met one of his kind, though with a less spectacular name than Nicholas Mondragon. Altogether it is a lively, wordy tale of low dealing in high places, and if one were searching for a serious motive, one might well discover a Horrible Warning in its theme.

THE OLD BANK HOUSE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is concerned with our present-day problems, but treated on a smaller canvas. Mrs. Angela Thirkell writes of last summer, or maybe the summer before, in the calm county of her favourite Barsetshire, where the gentry are still given their due, and where good manners rank at least as high as good hearts, though perhaps the case of the irrepressible Doris and Edna, and their "children of shame," is an exception to this ruling. It is all the best and politest of fun, and even if one forgets all the family ramifications and intermarriages, as none of the people of Barsetshire ever do, one can still enjoy it all greatly, and get a few surreptitious chuckles out of the author's constant and spirited attacks on the omnipotent Them, who whether in the guise of the Government or the local bus company, conspire against the comfort of the best people.

Miss Marghanita Laski has a tragic theme for her moving little novel : the search of an English father for the son he has only seen once as a tiny baby, before he had to leave him in France in 1940. After the war he returns there and begins the enquiries and the travels that are to lead him to an orphanage and to a child who may or may not be the right one. LITTLE BOY LOST (Cresset Press. 9s. 6d.) has pathos and power, and a *dénouement* in the last page which I will not spoil for you.

MAINLY ANTHOLOGICAL

From Alexander Pope to Alec Waugh

Thanks to the researches of Norman Ault, the world of letters may now take a more charitable view of the character of the great poet and satirist, Alexander Pope, regarding the man, whom Lady Mary Wortley Montagu called "the wicked wasp of Twickenham," as one who was essentially faithful to his friends, of innate goodness and kindness, possessing a warm heart despite his tiny and twisted body. Peter Quennell, in his foreword to THE PLEASURES OF POPE (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), a new anthology of the poet's work, does not wholly subscribe to this new view, but it must be said that his concern in his few pages of introduction is more with Pope the poet than with Pope the man. His selection ranges widely and well, including, of course, such masterpieces as "The Essay on Criticism," written when Pope was only twenty-three, "The Rape of the Lock," that brilliant satire on the fashionable life of the time, and a host of miscellaneous poems and epigrams. It has been said of Pope that "he is one of the first in delighting the intellect, one of the last to stir the soul," and while it is true that he never gives unashamed poetic utterance to violent personal feelings. there is none the less feeling in plenty beneath the surface, as witness in his melancholy contemplation of women and their fated decline "from youth to age, from conquering beauty to maundering or spiteful absurdity."

Two other anthologies claim attention this week. One of them, a very personal anthology, is Alec Waugh's THESE WOULD I CHOOSE (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.). Mr. Waugh describes his book as a collection of the poems and prose passages "that have meant so much to me that they have become part of me." These scattered preferences—which include extracts from his brother Evelyn's "Brideshead Revisited" and also "Black Mischief"—are arranged more or less chronologically ; that is to say, into the various periods of Mr. Waugh's life in which they have loomed large. It is an entertaining collection with Charlotte Mew and Shakespeare, John Donne and Walter Savage Landor, Marlowe and Stephen Phillips in rather surprising proximity. Clifford Bax and Meum Stewart are the joint compilers of THE DISTAFF MUSE (Hollis and Carter. 10s. 6d.). This is an anthology of poetry written by women. It purports to sweep the literary horizon from the fifteenth century to the present day, but, in fact, it does nothing of the kind. An anthology which includes English, Irish and Australian writers, but none of the great Americans such as Emily Dickinson and Edna St. Vincent Millay, is surely incomplete? The selection, too, is curiously uneven. The inclusion of seven poems by Margaret Willy is a reminder, however, that we have in our midst a lyric poet of majestic power

The dual appeal of Roman Catholicism, to the humble believer on the one hand and to the intellectual on the other, was a matter for speculation long before John Henry Newman embraced the faith of Rome. It continued to be so in the '20's, when Father Vernon preached anew, and in THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS (W. H. Allen. 10s. 6d.) it is doubtful if the reader will find this age-old question answered even in part. In this symposium, edited by John A. O'Brien, fifteen people tell in their own way why they turned from some other faith—or from no faith at all—to the Roman Catholic Church, among them Evelyn Waugh, Sheila Kaye-Smith and Clare Boothe Luce. It is a powerful and moving record, but few of the writers record a mystical experience such as that which befell a dazzled Saul upon the Damascus road. Most of them have found a new serenity, most have felt an access of power, and more often than not these gifts have come to them with the passing years.

Professor A. E. Richardson, a leading light of the Georgian Group, is the author of AN INTRODUCTION TO GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE (Art and Tecnics. 25s.). The book itself is a work of art, with its fine black-and-white drawings by the author and its excellent photographs. Professor Richardson deals with the historical background to the Georgian style and appraises many of the great personalities in an era of wonderful achievement. He deals in particular with the style as it appeared in Edinburgh, London and Dublin. From another publishing house emerges at the same time what is almost a companion volume to Professor Richardson's. This is A. W. Acworth's TREASURE IN THE CARIBBEAN (Pleiades Books. 12s. 6d.), a first study of Georgian buildings in the West Indies. Jamaica, the Leewards, Trinidad and Barbados all possess, it would seem a wealth of Georgian buildings which accord with remarkable harmony with the Caribbean background.

In 1950 the Labour Party will celebrate its golden jubilee. It will be fifty years since that eventful meeting of Trade Unionists and Socialists at the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, resulting in the formation of a party which was to change the social and economic face of the country. Francis Williams, in FIFTY YEARS' MARCH (Odhams. 7s. 6d.), tells this story of the Party's road to power, of its crisis and conflict in the '30's, when MacDonald "sold the pass," and of the eventual triumph at the polls in 1945. Mr. Williams sticks for the most part to hard facts, and if there is any hint of passion or invective, it is directed only at the strutting figure of MacDonald who, after his defection, is scornfully described as "the captive of the Tory Party."

NINETEENTH-CENTURY DRAWINGS (Pleiades Books. 30s.) is a charming addition to the Pleiades series of art books. Graham Reynolds, Deputy Keeper, Victoria and Albert Museum, is the author, and he has chosen about seventy-five pictures for reproduction.

Finest selection of reproduction furniture

LIBRARY FURNITURE
in the Queen Anne Style

4 ft. 2 ins. × 6 ft. 8 ins. high Reproduction Walnut Bookcase . . . . . £169.10.0.
(also available in Yew Tree)
4 ft. 9 ins. × 2 ft. 9 ins. Reproduction Walnut Writing Table with drawers and cupboards . . . . . £169.10.0.
Walnut Arm Chair in Hide £42.10.0.
Small chair to match . . . . £33.0.0.

JRNITURE MAPLE DECORATIONS

MAPLE & CO. LTD., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON W.1.
IRMINGHAM · BOURNEMOUTH · BRIGHTON · LEEDS · NOTTINGHAM

Fine Jewellery

THE word Jewel means a thing of joy. Hence we see in the many forms of jewellery throughout the ages the things in which the various peoples took delight.

In this portrait will be discerned modern jewellery of great decorative worth and fine craftsmanship truly representative of today's fashion in fine jewels.

The
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD
112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W1

NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT ANYWHERE · TELEPHONE · REGENT 3021

This is Interesting :—

REASONS WHY THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF IS OF SUCH SATISFYING VALUE

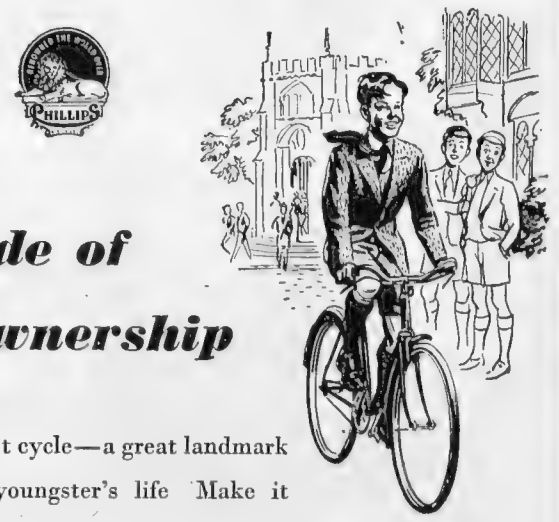
1. The yarn is proofed before the cloth is woven.
2. Thus the proofing is woven into the cloth and ventilation natural to woven fabrics is unimpaired.
3. Proofed in this way the proofing can only be eliminated by hostile chemicals.
4. Compare this with the common method of rainproofing, viz., dipping the cloth in chemicals. Surface proofing.
5. The Burberry is so much appreciated because it lasts so long, is most comforting, such a pleasant security in every kind of climate, in fact The World's Best Weatherproof and one of The World's Best Overcoats.

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone : WHitehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD.



Pride of Ownership

His first cycle—a great landmark in a youngster's life Make it a Phillips and it will be a never-to-be-forgotten moment. Phillips Bicycles are known the world over for their smooth-running action, sturdiness and smart appearance.

PHILLIPS

BICYCLES

See them at your dealers, or write for Illustrated Leaflets

J. A. PHILLIPS & CO. LTD., SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM

Something just a little better

–Silvifix

controls the hair without gumming

A Silvikrin product

concentrated for economy—
a touch is all you need to groom
your hair for the day

201/E/U

When ordering

KUMMEL

insist on

WOLFSCHMIDT

"the original

KUMMEL"

ESTABLISHED 1847

★

The **ARISTOCRAT** *of* **LIQUEURS**

RENOWNED *for* **100 YEARS**

★

FOR THE NAUGHTY NINETIES

—OR NEW-LOOK NIECES

Whether you heard Gladstone say it in '86 or whether you can't remember when skirts were worn shorter, there isn't the slightest doubt that you'll take to Kia-Ora with as much gusto as a modiste talks in guineas. For everyone who's tasted the pure deliciousness of these fruit-fresh Squashes says :—

ORANGE
LEMON
GRAPE FRUIT
LIME
LEMON BARLEY

"HERE'S GOOD HEALTH TO YOU"

KIA-ORA

The most delicious of all fruit drinks

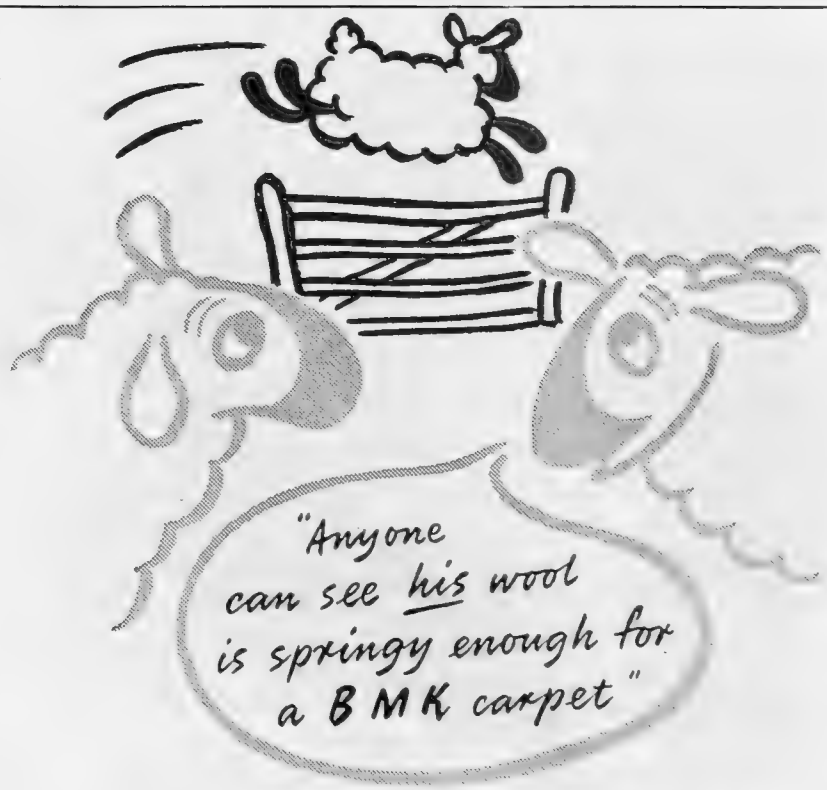
When sugar and quality Fruit Juices are no longer rationed to us, there will be no shortage of Kia-Ora.

British Biscuits at their Best

Macfarlane Lang

By appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to H.M. the King
Macfarlane, Lang & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1817



THE WOOL THAT goes into BMK carpets is the tough and springy wool of Scotch Blackfaced sheep, blended with other specially chosen wools, and woven on up-to-date looms with all the skill of the traditional Kilmarnock craftsmen. A BMK carpet keeps its exceptional resilience throughout its long life.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL!

BMK

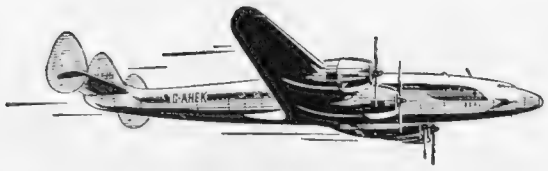
REGD. TRADE MARK

MOTHPROOF

CARPETS & RUGS

'Take a lot of beating'

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK



"Co-operation like this makes things happen fast!"

Yes, my local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent makes things happen in a hurry. He's the chap—multiplied 3,500 times throughout the world—who saves me hours of preliminary planning. I give him my itinerary and leave the details to him. He handles everything without fuss or confusion. All I do is pack a bag and leave on schedule.

This same Speedbird efficiency—this same concern for your comfort and pleasure—applies wherever you may fly along 150,000 miles of B.O.A.C. routes to forty-two countries on five continents. The flight itself is swift and sure—and comfortable, too. Complimentary meals are served en route. No extras for countless comforts and courtesies that make your journey more enjoyable. It's all part of B.O.A.C.'s 30-year-old tradition of Speedbird service.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD., SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.

No ordinary car you're driving

When you come to a place where they sprinkle traffic lights about like confetti and the traffic gets snarled up into lumps, you need a car that can . . . phwt . . . you're away.

Steady! This is no ordinary car you're driving. That's a horizontally opposed flat-four engine you're playing with. Compact. Hyper-efficient, with an outstanding power/weight ratio.

Now—the get-away. You're out ahead of the block if you want to be. No jerk. Just power. Smooth and plenty of it.

Touch the brakes and you crawl. All the dip is absorbed by the torsion bar suspension—and road bumps too. You forget them and float.

Why, this must be almost a new kind of car they've invented; she seems to sort out the traffic herself.

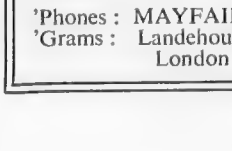
You wonder what she's like in the country—at the weekend? Well, you've room for up to six—family, friends and luggage. And if you want to do over 75 . . .

This car is a waste of money if you don't care what a car *does*. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have it in your hands. Once tried, you'll say 'I'd rather go by Javelin!'

Top speed 78 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-60 in 22.2 secs. Horizontally opposed flat-four 50 B.H.P. engine.

Javelin Saloon: £595 plus purchase tax £116.0.7

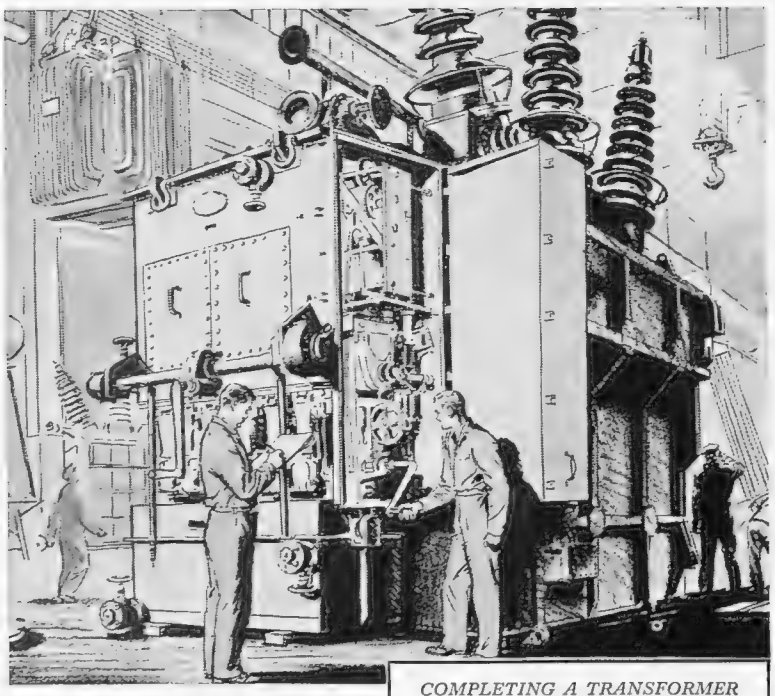
Javelin Saloon de luxe: £695 plus purchase tax £193.16.1



$1\frac{1}{2}$ LITRE

JOWETT JAVELIN

take a good look when it passes you



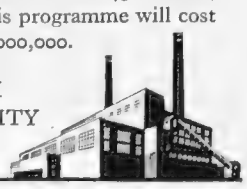
COMPLETING A TRANSFORMER
Large electric power transformers, such as this one, may weigh over 100 tons. Many of this size will be installed in Britain's 38 new Power Stations.

more power

—AND WHAT IT MEANS FOR YOU

THOUSANDS OF TRANSFORMERS, large and small, will be needed for the transmission and distribution of the 40% more electric power, which is British Electricity's 4-year target. The aggregate new transformer capacity will be nearly 7,000,000 kilowatts, or 9½ million horse-power. To end power cuts in Britain's factories, and in your home, 38 new Power Stations are being built, and new plant installed in 43 existing stations. This programme will cost nearly £400,000,000.

BRITISH ELECTRICITY



The key to a perfect holiday

GOLF (9-hole Hotel short course and Churston 18-hole course), TENNIS, SQUASH, DANCING, SWIMMING. CINEMA

Now is the time to book your accommodation at the Palace—the famous hotel with the "country house atmosphere." For, in addition to the inclusive terms, perfect service, and unequalled cuisine, the Covered Courts Tennis Tournament takes place on the hotel's famous Covered Courts, November 7 to 12. Truly, the makings of holidays to look forward to, and to look back upon with pleasure.

Manager: George Conquest. Tel. 2271

To those entitled under

WILLS, MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS, ANNUITIES and LEGACIES

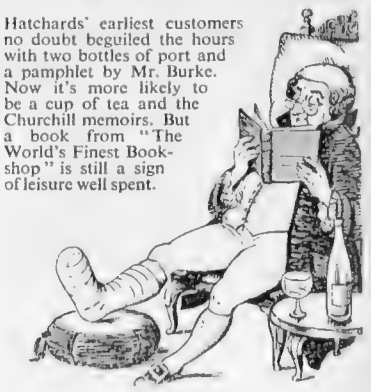
ADVANCES ARRANGED

from 4 per cent. per annum.

GLAZIER & SONS (Estd. 1760)
Proprietors: Glazier & Sons, Ltd.
48 MOUNT ST., LONDON W.1
'Phones: MAYFAIR 4145-3159
'Grams: Landehouse, Audley, London

CHANGED READING HABITS

Hatchards' earliest customers no doubt beguiled the hours with two bottles of port and a pamphlet by Mr. Burke. Now it's more likely to be a cup of tea and the Churchill memoirs. But a book from "The World's Finest Bookshop" is still a sign of leisure well spent.



Hatchards

Booksellers to Their Majesties The King The Queen, and to Queen Mary

187, PICCADILLY, W.1
(*Regent* 3201-4)

This is the Gin

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 32/4: Half-bottle 16/11. U.K. only.

DRIWAY REGD
WEATHERCOATS

...perhaps the finest made

Driway Weathercoats and Sportswear are stocked by leading stores and outfitters throughout the country

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Sweden. Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers.

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI. Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers.

By Appointment to the late King George V. Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers.

EN-TOUT-CAS

Makers of all

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

at **THE ALL-ENGLAND CLUB, WIMBLEDON** and **THE WEST HANTS CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH**

used for the British Hard Court Championships for 20 years

also the **RUNNING TRACKS** used for

THE OLYMPIC GAMES (1948), WEMBLEY

(16 Records broken) and the

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE (1949), WHITE CITY

(3 Inter-Varsity Records broken)

LARGEST MAKERS IN GREAT BRITAIN

of all types of

SPORTS GROUNDS, HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS, etc.

Please send your enquiries for any type of Sports Ground and applications for the new EN-TOUT-CAS Booklet to:

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. LTD.

SYSTON, near LEICESTER

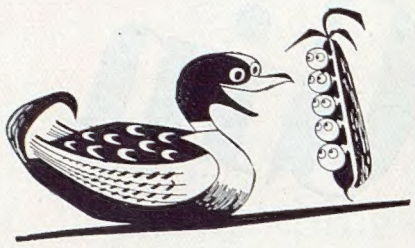
Telephone: Syston 86163/4/5/6

London Office:

Harrods Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1, (Sports Dept., 1st Floor)

Telephone: Sloane 8117/8

• AS THE DUCK SAID TO THE GREEN PEAS —



THEY DO DO YOU WELL AT THE

CAVENDISH

EASTBOURNE

The cooks at the Cavendish are past masters at getting round rationing difficulties. That's one reason why people in the know like to book well ahead. Among others are the lovely position on the Grand Parade ; the comfort and the service ; and not least, the Orchestra. Maybe it's expensive, but you'll agree it's worth it.

Owned by Pimm's Ltd. • Manager: P. Churchman
Telephone: Eastbourne 2740

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

DURING recent weeks I have made a surprising number of contacts with *Sphere* readers from overseas, and at the Hertfordshire hotel where I live we have at present with us a doctor and his wife from Cyprus, a married couple from Singapore and, just left, some visitors from Egypt, Italy and the Lebanon. In the evenings, when not watching that modern-day miracle, the Television, invariably we got back to that subject of general interest—hotels, good, bad and indifferent. It is interesting and helpful to me to hear of other peoples' experiences.

There are a few hotels of which I hear nothing but praise : the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, for example, which has adopted the slogan "The English Hotel in the Mediterranean manner." For here, overlooking the colourful houses of Torquay, can be found music and laughter, light and shade, skilled catering and service, and that personal touch which is the outstanding characteristic of its resident Managing Director, Mr. H. M. Chapman. Yet the Grand Hotel at Torquay has just as many stalwart supporters. It is grand in name and grand in position. There again is that personal touch which Mr. and Mrs. W. Paul mete out in generous measure. At both the Grand and the Imperial will be found a standard of catering which is quite outstanding

But it is news concerning the smaller country-house type of hotel which is of particular interest to overseas readers and especially those who are making a prolonged stay in this country. I hear generous praise, which I can endorse, of Parkhill Hotel, just outside Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, where James Hargreaves and his wife have the happy knack of making their visitors feel at home. Then I would turn the spotlight on the Wide Sea Hotel, Downderry, between Plymouth and Looe. As sunny a beach as you will find in this island of ours, as clean as a new pin and an assurety of well-cooked and nicely presented food.

Many overseas readers will have memories of Thorpeness ; that family paradise on the Suffolk coast where, at reasonable rents, furnished houses can be taken by the week, the month, or the year. Here is a delightful corner of unspoilt Britain where the homecomer might well settle down, and next door to Thorpeness is that charming resort of Aldeburgh where, unruffled by political upheaval or storms, life pursues its even tenor. Apart from golf, sailing, and fishing, Aldeburgh has now come into fame for its annual musical festival. Here my recommendations are the Wentworth Hotel or the smaller Uplands.

I have only the space to mention one more, and that is for *Sphere* readers who would like to reside near London with a view of the Thames as their morning vista. I have in mind the Morshead Hotel on Richmond Hill, with its bow windows and delightful old-world garden as Queen Anne characteristics. Here will be found comfort and efficiency, spaciousness, a sense of eighteenth-century quietude and leisure. A pleasant retreat after a tiring day in Town.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

CODICOTE, Hitchin, Herts. — THE NODE
A Country-House Hotel of Distinction. 27 miles from London by hourly direct bus service (King's Cross). 22 bedrooms, 11 luxury bathrooms. Central Heating throughout. 100 acres. Under personal direction of Mrs. Ashley Courtenay. Brochure with pleasure. Tel. : 344.

True to its name
THE GRAND at FOLKESTONE
offers a quiet and luxurious atmosphere, combined with first-class cuisine and attentive service. Telephone : 4616.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine ; fully licensed. P.O. phones all rooms ; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Personal supervision of Managing Director. HEN 1456.

DEER PARK HOTEL, HONITON, DEVON
In this county, famous for its Autumn colourings, our 28 acres are especially beautiful. The climate, too, is usually delightful, and everything connected with the Hotel is of the same standard. Inclusive Winter terms 6-7 gns. (excluding Christmas). Telephone : 64.

HYTHE, Kent — HOTEL IMPERIAL
Sheltered from the north, in 50 acres on Sea Front. Completely refurnished and internally reconstructed, this Hotel now ranks with the first-class on the South Coast. Own Golf Course. Ideal for week-end pleasure or residential leisure. Tel. : 67441.

GOING TO LONDON? For quiet comfort and convenience of location, book your hotel accommodation at ST. ERMIN'S, CAXTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, a stone's-throw from St. James's Park, Underground, and Victoria Street bus stop. Very comfortable apartments and breakfast from 18s. 6d. per night. Tel. : WHItehall 3176.

In the Heart of Herts
ALDENHAM LODGE, Radlett. Half-an-hour from London a famous old hotel offers you traditional English hospitality. Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge open to non-residents. Dinner Dances, Swimming Pool (club membership), Television, Billiards, Riding from own Stables, adjacent to Porter's Park Golf Course—make Aldenham Lodge the choice for week-end or longer vacations.
From 9 gns. per week inclusive, or 30s. per day. Special week-end terms, Friday dinner —Monday breakfast 3½ gns.
(Special Winter Residential Terms)
WRITE OR PHONE : RADLETT 5671.

It is ALWAYS holiday-time at the
VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH In Sunny SOUTH DEVON
Rooms overlooking the sea with private bath and self-controlled radio. Orchestra, Dancing, Cocktail Lounge. All outdoor recreations ; food you will enjoy. Come and be spoilt ! Open all the year. Tel. : 951.

MILLFIELD HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB
STOKE D'ABERNON, SURREY
Perfect spot for the work-a-day Londoner, for nightly rest or week-end relaxation. An elegant environment ; charming, comfortable bedrooms, and catering backed by skilled interest. Tel. : Oxshott 2268.

BABBACOMBE CLIFF HOTEL, TORQUAY, DEVON
Book now for Autumn and Winter residence. Sheltered from Autumn nips and Winter damp, we are unusually well appointed and equipped, and offer warmth and a high standard of catering and comfort. Children and doggies welcome. Licensed. Resident Proprietor. Tel. : 87128.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS
Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of park land. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel. : 20331 (3 lines).

THE DORMY HOUSE HOTEL, WESTWARD HO ! North Devon
Adjoining Royal North Devon Golf Club. Take a holiday where you have Golf on your doorstep ; sea bathing within easy reach. Good food, every modern comfort, including a large Games Room. Tel. : Northam 288.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY
Only 30 minutes from London. Golf, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Swimming Pool and Dancing—all free to Residents. 150 Rooms (many with private bath) and self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Weybridge 1190.

The English Hotel in the Mediterranean manner

A beautifully appointed Hotel with private sea frontage over the blue waters of Torbay. A mild and sunny winter climate. An expert understanding of creature comforts . . . good food, smiling service, a charming atmosphere that makes a winter holiday at the Imperial so satisfying and so different. Write to G. Chapman for brochure giving *inclusive* terms or telephone Torquay 4301.

WINTER AT
THE IMPERIAL, TORQUAY

ZIEGLER & BOOTH IN NEW DUET

Why important people are Ronson people

This famous husband-and-wife singing team agree about lighters—each has a Ronson. "Looks like a dream," says she. "Works like a dream," says he. "A Ronson lights up first time every time." People in the limelight must have only the best—so naturally most choose and use a Ronson lighter.

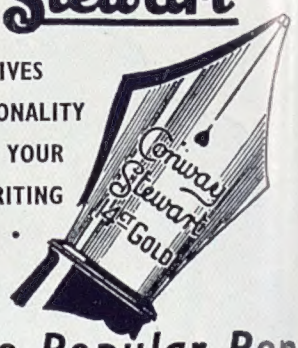
Precision-built and designed with simple one-finger, one-motion, safety action, this Ronson Standard Butler sells for 38/6. There are many other Ronson models in various styles and finishes. Don't accept imitations — look for the name Ronson.

Press—its lit Release—it's out

RONSON WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

The ALL-BRITISH Conway Stewart

GIVES PERSONALITY TO YOUR WRITING



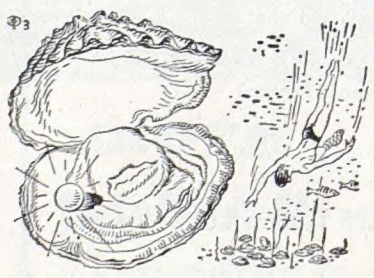
The Popular Pen with the Marvellous Nib

Introducing VAPEX VOLATOL

Vapex in ointment form. A soothing, penetrating, warming rub for the chest. Non-greasy—does not stain skin or clothing. Ideal for children's colds. In handy tube pack.

Of Chemists 1/9

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. V238



HARD TO FIND like Vantella Shirts to match Van Heusen Collars

Cotella Ltd., Oxford St., W.1

for Abounding Energy

EAT Bermaline BREAD

BAKED BY THE BEST BAKERS

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Such a splendid joint of beef
Seems today beyond belief

When we've just a little bit
Mustard makes the most of it

"For nearly a century and a half Colman's of Norwich have been making Mustard for people who wish to enjoy their food"

J. & J. COLMAN, CARROW WORKS, NORWICH.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

If those old sportsmen joined a shoot today
They'd find the things they knew have passed away;
But still in me they'd find a well-known friend—
The past is always present in my blend.

JOHNNIE WALKER
SCOTCH WHISKY
Born 1820—
still going
strong

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1949. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.